The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 162. CHRISTMAS NUMBER. WEEK ENDING DEC. 9TH, 1911. TWOPENCE.

One of the "little things" that count:

"Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels fitted rightly on your boots are splendid savers of both your health and nerves.

No more jarring headache-causing shocks 'twixt hard, unyielding heels and pavement—you just walk everywhere as if your paths were laid with richest Axminster. "Wood-Milnes" keep your boots in shape as well, add weeks and months to their utility, so save you money. A pair of real "Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels will outlast three leather soles. Made from better quality rubber than any other rubber heels in the world; whenever and wherever you buy "Wood-Milnes" your satisfaction is assured.

Obtainable in Jet Black, Brown, or Grey Rubber. To make sure of getting the genuine "Wood-Milnes" make sure to see the name "Wood-Milne" stamped on each heel.

Bear this in mind.

To get the utmost all-round benefit from "Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels, be sure to have them fixed properly. The circular "Wood-Milnes" should be sunk into the boot-heel, right at the back, and almost flush with the leather. So fixed, they will never skid, come off, or wear unevenly. Best to let the bootmaker fix them.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels

The ESYFIX tip is the newest Wood-Milne success—simple, economical, and absolutely efficient. The Wood-Milne Esyfix Tip is so constructed as to be firmly secured on the boot heels by nails driven through the small leather centre-piece only. The Wood-Milne Esyfix Tip can, if necessary, be fixed in a couple of minutes, and a new tip can be fixed without re-heeling the boot. Two sizes for men and two sizes for ladies.

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RECOMMENDATION FORM.

I have recommended THE MODERN MAN to my friend whose name I have written in below, and who has purchased this copy.

Your Friend's Name .....

Your Own Name .....

Keep the forms you collect from this and next week's number, and send them to us between December 12th and 18th. See instructions on page 378.

Dec. 9, 1911.

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

For evening dress suits see McKinley's advertisement, page 391.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Another McKinley bargain! The new "Derby" mackintosh for winter wear. Made from special heavy-weight waterproof coating of excellent quality, and cut in latest style. Well worth 25s. Our price, 18s. 6d., carriage paid. Ready for service, in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned if you are not satisfied.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Misfit. Handsome pair gentleman's chrome leather (eights) Derby shooting boots, 8s. 6d., worth double.—Box 4602, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Gentleman's best quality black beaver cloth coat, full size, lined throughout beautiful dyed squirrel, lovely large beaver collar and cuffs, suitable for motor or travelling; cost £50, accept £20, cash.—Box 4603, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street (Dept. M.M.), London.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Physical culturists. How to make a barbell, loading up from a few pounds to 140lb., for 5s. Particulars, send P.O. 1s.—F. W., 26, Litherland Road, Bootle, Liverpool.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high-grade positions. see Hapgood's advertisement, page 383.

MEDICAL, &c.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Shaving soreness cure; excellent dandruff remedy; really waterproof dubbin; recipes 6d. each, two 9d., three 1s. Proved by advertiser, no fakes.—M., 39, Sitwell Road, Sheffield.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MEDICAL, &c.

Recipes, 4d. each. Genuine catarrh and pile cures, toilet varnishes, dubbin, &c. State requirements.—B., 72, Kersley Street, Oldham.

Recipes. Bald spots, certain cure, 5s.; hair falling, 1s.; scurf cure, 1s.; antiseptic tooth powder, 1s.; moustache forcer, 1s.—Tonsorial, 4, Penllyn Road, Cardiff.

Self-shaving paste; marvellous invention. Simply lather on face and it removes strongest beard without a razor. Just brought here from America. The very thing for dwellers in remote districts. Quite harmless. We shall receive hundreds of orders from "M.M." readers, and are consequently making special offer. Send 1s. 1d. only.—Chapman, 16, Beaconsfield Street, Scarborough.

Self-shaving paste, simply rubbed on, removes strongest beard without razor; recipe 7d. (genuine).—Ballingam, Whitburn Street, Bridgnorth.

Red noses cured, cost trifling, absolutely best recipe and advice. P.O. 1s.—A. Cameron, 391, St. John Street, London, E.C.

Why pay fancy prices for patent medicines? I will send you the prescription of a specialist for indigestion or any derangement of the digestive organs for 12 penny stamps.—Box 4600, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

7 only, a rare chance, unique Xmas gift, 21s. safety razor, with seven blades, heavily nickelled, in leatherette case, lined silk; bargain, 4s. 1d. each, post free; approval willingly.—Box 4594, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion, post free, 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

A fountain pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" fountain pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish. Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Xmas Gifts. 5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor, with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Gramophone, £12 12s.; 1911 cabinet, hornless, perfect order, with records, £3 17s. 6d.—Alexander, 19, Deanery Road, Stratford, Essex.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Screaming comic postcards, "Not in these trousers," &c.; 25, 9d.; 50, 1s. 2d.; coloured, glazed.—Hughes, Publisher, Shrewsbury.

Safety razor blades re-ground, equal to new, 1d. each. Gillette, Clemak, Auto Strop, Ever Ready, &c. Perfect results guaranteed, or money cheerfully returned.—The Wafer Blade Co., 36, Deneside Terrace, Bradford, Yorks.

Astrology. When you are tired of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send birth-date and 1s. P.O. for a real astrological reading, and two years' useful advice to Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

25S.—Gent.'s £5 5s. Double-breasted Winter Overcoat, 40in. breast, superior quality heavy dark grey frieze, with Tweed lining, deep turned-down collar and strap cuffs, made for motorist by West-End tailor, never worn, great bargain, 25s. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable £4 15s. Tailor-made Dark Brown Tweed Suit, by Stroud, high-class tailor; latest West-End cut and finish; splendid quality; breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Never worn. Approval.

25S.—Very Fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, anno 1712, rich mellow tone, with Dodd model Bow and black ebonised Case, suit professional or soloist; sacrifice, 25s.; worth £10; approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ Tone Melodeon; magnificent 63s. instrument, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval willingly.

29S. 6D.—Magnificent £8 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, 12-bore, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

The Modern Man

EDITORIAL OFFICES:—Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Telephone, Gerrard 2979.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street. London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months, 2/2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider contributions, and to pay immediately on acceptance for those which prove suitable. All contributions must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

A Merry Christmas TO ALL OUR READERS!

We desire to wish every one of our readers a Very Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

It has been our endeavour to provide you with an ideal Christmas number—one that will grip your interest and produce in you that comfortable feeling known as the Christmas atmosphere.

At Christmas the chief demand is for stories rather than for articles, and therefore fiction occupies a very prominent place in this number.

In the stories, and also in the articles, it has been the endeavour of the writers to reproduce an ideal Christmas setting, and all that remains is for the Clerk of the Weather to do his part by covering the ground with a carpet of snow and draping the eaves of our houses with festoons of white, like those with which we have decorated the lettering of our title on the outside page.

Draw your chair up to the fire, set your pipe going and enjoy yourself. If we can entertain you for an idle hour or two, our labours will be amply rewarded.

WELCOME GUESTS AT CHRISTMAS.

Nobody has a better time than the host who has an ideal Christmas guest. A great many people make good guests, just as a large number are deficient in this quality.

The guest who is welcome above most others at this time of the year is he whose spirit of Christmas is highly developed. He must not be a Scrooge; he must like Christmas. He should combine a due enjoyment of the pleasures of the table with a capacity for telling good ghost stories before the fire at twilight. The man who continually sighs for next summer when he will get some sailing is but a poor Christmas guest. In short, the most welcome will be he who will enjoy himself with you, and also contrive to let you know it.

CHRISTMAS CHARACTERS.

Just as Christmas is the Dickens season, so does it seem to engender a host of Dickens characters, who fade away as soon as Twelfth Night has gone.

Although our postman may never have read a line of the Master's works, he is, without question, imbued with the Dickens spirit. There is no doubt about it; his face shines like the apples on the top of the greengrocer's barrel; he is Mark Tapley. And the doctor? Rather melancholy till the day after Christmas, but convinced that "something is going to turn up" for him—Micawber to the life.

And the dustman, the tradesmen's boys, the man who punches your ticket at your suburban station—gentry who empty your pockets almost before you know it—these are all Fagins.

THE ANNUAL MATCH.

There is in many offices and big business houses a practice of holding at Christmas an annual football match between teams representing two sides of the house concerned. There is intense rivalry and much good-humoured "back chat" about these events, and they are usually played off with tremendous energy, after the head of the firm has "kicked off" and all the friends of the players have assembled.

There is, however, an element of danger in these sudden bursts of activity among men who, for the greater part of the year, fall out of training. No man should think of playing a game of football—hard and exhausting muscular work for three-quarters of an hour—without as much preliminary practice as he can get.

CHRISTMAS DINNER WISDOM.

The dictum of the Bard, "Let good digestion wait on appetite and health on both," is applicable to no season more than to Christmas, for it is undoubtedly now that people make more gastronomic mistakes than at any other time.

People who are abstemious all the year round seem to think it compulsory to have a positive gorge at Christmas. The result is that their digestive organs, accustomed to comparatively light duties, are thrown right out of gear, and their owners are seedy for some time to come.

It would not seem unwise either to go into some sort of gradual "preparation" for the Yuletide revels, eating meals of graduated generosity for some weeks beforehand, or else to eat no more than one is accustomed to, although the menu is a more tempting one.

YOUR DOG AT CHRISTMAS.

Though you may not have noticed it, Christmas is a season when your dog is wont to go badly off-colour, and the reason is not far to seek.

Although you are, in all probability, not in the least responsible for it, your dog is over-fed. Especially is this the case if you live in diggings. Everybody in the house—yourself included—has stocked his larder with Christmas fare, and the mass of scraps that the slavey carries downstairs is far in excess of the average. What happens?

The well-meaning but thoughtless "skivvy" beams on your dog, and gives them all to him, and if the landlady has children, they fill him with sugar-plums. What you should do is to insist that nobody should feed the dog except yourself; and if you cannot rely on your order being obeyed in your absence, get a liveryman to put him up until the season is over.

WINTER SPORTS

HOW AND WHERE THEY CAN BE ENJOYED IN THIS COUNTRY.

Frost and snow, while putting a stop to many outdoor sports—such as steeplechasing, hunting, and coursing—bring others in their train, to which they are, in fact, necessary. Of these, the chief that can be enjoyed in this country are skating, curling, tobogganing, sleighing, and hockey on the ice.

Skating is to be had wherever frozen water may be found, and in the country, at any rate, it is usually free. Most owners of large lakes throw them open to their neighbours, rich and poor, when frost comes; and even in the vicinity of crowded cities the charge made for the privilege of skating on public or semi-public waters is very low.

In those places where there is little water, skating is not so easily within reach of those who love the sound of steel ringing on ice; but where there is a tennis club with concrete courts, it is sometimes easy to flood these with two or three inches of water, and so form an artificial pond where the pastime may be practised.

Curling is, of course, the premier ice-game, though, of late years, even in the North, the winters have been too mild to permit its votaries to have more than a few days of the pastime for which they are always such enthusiasts.

CLUBS FOR CURLERS.

In the North of England, as in Scotland, curling ponds are to be found everywhere; but in the South it is more difficult to get a game when a severe frost renders play practicable. It is a little difficult to get the implements of the game together, stones weighing between 30lb. and 40lb., in their baskets, not being particularly easy of transit from place to place. The potential curler, therefore, should be a member of one of the clubs listed in the "Curlers' Annual," which in a favourable season play at Earlsfield or Hendon, such membership much lessening the expenses of the game by allowing him to use the club stones instead of paying four or five pounds for a pair.

Apart from the stones the expenses are very little, as, so far, curling is not played for money, and a broom for "sooping" purposes only costs about a shilling. A really severe winter in London, such as that of 1894-5, would render curling the most popular of winter sports, and clubs would doubtless spring up like mushrooms all over the metropolitan area, wherever there is an available piece of water.

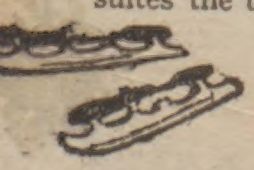
No curler ever wastes his time on skates while he can get into a rink, and, after a rollicking, scientific, exciting and health-giving afternoon on ice—whether "baugh" or not—sit down to the traditional curlers' meal of beef and greens and toddy.

TOBOGGANS AND BOB-SLEIGHS.

When the snow comes, comes also tobogganing. Originally a Canadian sport, it has long been popular in this country to a limited extent, and is a fortune to Swiss hotel proprietors. Toboggans can be purchased in England now, those of steel being the best and most expensive; but the village carpenter and blacksmith between them can easily construct a useful substitute.

A sloping meadow is the ideal spot for this sport, and runs and jumps can be arranged wherever the configuration of the ground is favourable to the construction of a local "Cresta." The tobogganer lies face downwards on his sledge, whereas bob-sleighers sit on theirs, which are merely a couple of toboggans fixed together.

Tobogganing is a solitary sport, but from two to ten folk can enjoy themselves in a single bob-sleigh according to its size. A hilly road is better for bob-sleighing than the sloping field that suites the toboggan so well.



Another pleasant winter pastime when the snow is lying is that of sleighing proper. It cannot, however, be pursued in towns where there are salted tram-lines, or where the otherwise unemployed are engaged to clear away the snow as it falls. But in the country it is an ideal pursuit, especially when the snow lies too deep for wheeled traffic and the motor-car is perforce locked up in the garage.

In deep and prolonged snow storms the sleigh becomes invaluable, and people who keep carts and carriages can easily have a pair of runners made of wood, fortified by steel or iron sheathes, and kept in readiness for such a contingency.

SLEIGH BELLS.

It is quite a simple affair to remove the wheels and fix the body of the carriage on the runners. Half-a-dozen bells may be affixed to the collar and terrets of the harness, and with a horse that has been "frosted" the owner—well-wrapped up in rugs and furs—may start out for a swift drive through country roads and lanes, confident that he will be seeing the landscape under new and attractive conditions, and will not be hampered anywhere by other traffic.

The business man—doctor, butcher, baker, or milkman—will find that he can do his rounds more quickly and with less wear and tear of horseflesh by sleighing in deep snow than by trying to get through the drifts on wheels.

The worst of it is that snow very seldom lies long enough in England to give more than a day or two's sleighing in any season. By the time our Ethelreds the Unready have had their runners built, the thaw has set in; so that those who would be in a position to take advantage of the first heavy fall of the winter should have their runners made beforehand and stored along one side of the coach-house ready for immediate use.

FASTEST FORM OF HOCKEY.

Hockey on the ice is played in the same way and under the same regulations as hockey in the mud, except in the matter of goals, which cannot well be marked by the posts being driven into the ice. Small heaps of snow are often employed instead, but centre-lines, side-lines, and half-circles can be drawn with a nail attached to a piece of cord. The players, of course, are on skates; which makes the game much faster, and, incidentally, more hilarious, as accidents and falls are more frequent than when hockey is played on firm land.

Ski-ing is a foreign game to which this country does not lend itself very well; but travelling on snow-shoes can be practised well enough by those who possess them, both along the roads and across country, wherever the snow shall be frozen hard enough for the purpose.

NORMAN RANDALL.

THE BEST SHOT GUN TO BUY.

Undoubtedly the best gun for a man who can afford to buy but one is a 16-bore. A 20-bore, though very light, is more or less of a toy or "ladies' gun," besides being difficult to procure cartridges for; while the 12-bore is so much heavier that the extra weight makes a great difference in the fatigue of a day's shooting to the man who is not constantly in the field.

The 16-bore, on the other hand, will not tire the average man; cartridges to fit it are procurable anywhere, and the sportsman who can hold reasonably straight can drop his game with it at much longer range than with a 12-bore, though this fact should never tempt him to risk wounding a bird or a rabbit if there is any chance of the victim getting away where he cannot be retrieved.

The gun should, of course, be a hammerless ejector with safety bolt, and the left barrel half-choke.

New, such a gun should cost anything from £35 to £50; but many a serviceable second-hand weapon by a good maker may be purchased for as little as £15.

Below that price few guns are either safe or serviceable, unless the purchaser knows in whose hands they have been since they left the makers, and how many cartridges per annum have been fired from them.

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

The fire in the smoking-room of the Junior Jammack's blazed up brightly on a semi-deserted room.

The Honourable John Halberd threw aside his paper and fell to watching the glint of the firelight on the toes of his boots.

From outside came the sound of the porter whistling for cabs; through the window he could see people hurrying home in the failing light, loaded up with the earnest of a day's shopping. The Christmas Eve feeling was in the air and the papers, and on the walls.

Some gay men, well wrapped up to keep out the chill winter's blast, came into the smoke-room and tipped back the Honourable John's chair.

"Well, the usual old wish, Halberd," said one of them.

They left him gracefully reclining on the floor.

"Same to you," he called out to them, and chucked the chair back into position.

"Lucky devils!" he said, a little disconsolately, and pulled out a type-written letter.

He rang for the steward.

"Everyone gone, Hitchin?"

"Yes, sir. Don't expect many more here to-night. Most of our gentlemen, you see, sir, live in the country. . . . . Wish I lived in the country, too!"

"What? A confirmed old Cockney like you, Hitchen?"

"Yes, sir. Christmas is different there, somehow."

"Not when you go down with your valise packed with the little mementos of your bad luck at racing, and cards, and other things."

"I think I should forget them at Christmas, sir."

"You would?"

Halberd smiled, took out a cigarette, and tapped it on his case.

Hitchin offered him a light.

"Oh, well, perhaps you're right," said the Honourable John presently, and ere he had finished the sentence the generous flame was licking up certain typewritten letters, the contents of Halberd's breast pocket.

The head of the porter appeared at the glass door. It was plain that he required a word with the steward.

The Honourable John sat back in his chair again.

"Well, I'll ask him," he caught in the good Cockney of Hitchin.

"A Mister Sagamore to see you, sir," said Hitchin. "You'll excuse me not bringin' his card, but he hain't got one. He said he'd like to speak to you—that is, if you're not otherwise engaged, sir, he said."

"H-m! Left it open for me like that, did he, Hitchin? You can tell him I'm not otherwise engaged."

"Seeing as how it's Christmas, I suppose, sir."

The steward cast an anxious glance at his carpet.

The Honourable John interpreted it.

"Merry Christmas is the word, Hitchin," he said. "After Boxing Day you can look as miserable as you like. I can quite understand he won't be wearing very beautiful boots. Ventilated boots are the last eccentricity of extravagant minds, Hitchins. I am not going to interview him on the mat. You'll ask him in here."

"Well?" said the Honourable John, a moment later.

There were attempts at some decency of personal appearance in the man who stood on the hearthrug. His clothes, though threadbare, were brushed. His boots were muddy, but that they had been well cleaned was evident.

"Well, I've come to it, that's all," said Sagamore. "I've dropped to asking you for money. I wouldn't have—but it's this Christmas business. I want a few shillings to put me *au fait* with my Rowton House friends to-morrow. You don't know how autocratic," he added, "is the man who has threepence to the other man who lacks a penny. I robbed you of five hundred pounds, I know——"

"And put me so far behind that I've been struggling to get out of the cart ever since," said Halberd. "The result is I've got further in."

Momentarily he blazed.

"Damn it, man! I'd never betted or borrowed till your thieving drove me to trying some way or other of getting out!"

Sagamore drew his wrap closer round him and reached out a hand for the table. He paled a little. His head was bowed to hide such agitation as was on his once handsome face, but the twitching of his fingers revealed it all.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I ought not to have come."

But Halberd had crossed over to him and was calling for the steward.

"Hitchin," he said, "this gentleman dines with me to-night. Go to my room and lay out a complete change for him. If he will, he——"

He broke off to lead his one-time friend to a chair.

"If he will," he said softly, "he spends Christmas with me at my father's house."

"But they know. Your sister knows."

"D'you think I told the guv'nor or Joyce? Did I ever give a pal away? . . . . A telegraph form, Hitchen."

"Yes, sir."

"You write to my dictation: 'Lord Lamerton, Embridge Old Hall, Hampshire. Sagamore arrives with me ten-twenty to-night.'"

* * *

Some time since, the women had retired. Old Lord Lamerton sat by the small table drawn up to the great fire that was crackling yet with a huge yule log they had brought in with old-time ceremony, and not a couple of hours agone.

With him was his son, his son's friends of the countryside, and Sagamore, most welcome of all guests.

The great clock was solemnly tick-tocking on into the small hours. The old gentleman picked up the punch ladle.

"Come," said he, "it is late for old men. You must drink one more glass——"

"To you and the old house, sir," said Sagamore.

"As you will. But one more glass and then I must leave you young men."

The recipe for that bowl of punch had been held in the family for generations.

They drank it in old English fashion, draining the beakers.

"Good-night, sir."

"Good-night to you."

The old man rose.

"John, come with me," said he to his son. "The little accounts you say you have you must bring now. Let it be a Christmas gift. Hold my arm, my boy—and good-night to you all."

It was Sagamore who crossed to the piano and played quietly now. The words of the venerated song were rendered softly by the company in smiling, restrained chorus:

". . . A fine old English gentleman,
One of the olden time . . . ."

Within a quarter of an hour the Honourable John came

"The keys of the safe," he quoted, musingly, as he walked slowly out of the drive gate, "are in the ricketiest drawer in the guvnor's desk in his study."

back. His face was flushed. He waved aside the punch bowl and mixed himself a stiff brandy-and-soda.

Young Cartney, his neighbour, got up.

"Christmas is over," said he. "Come, let's all drink with you, John. A prosperous New Year!"

But in contravention of all ceremony, Halberd did not wait for their company in the toast.

"A prosperous New Year!" he said mockingly, and drained his glass.

"Cheer up. A game of cards," said Cartney, "is what I vote."

"I'm never going to touch another card!" said John Halberd.

"There, now, don't be silly. We've all been to our guv'nors and been refused in our time. Suppose that's what's happened to you. But you don't want to be like a bear with a sore head about it. And don't go on drinking brandy like that. You've to drive us home, old man."

John Halberd looked at him squarely for a moment. Then he laughed carelessly.

"Oh, I'm very sorry," he said. "Of course it will be all right in the morning."

"What you ought to do, Halberd," said the son of one of Lord Lamerton's big tenants, "is to turn Raffles. Go and steal the famous Cartney diamonds. I'm sure they're more trouble than a little to Cartney's mother."

"That's right," said young Cartney, jocularly; "she only wears 'em once in a pink moon. They'd never be missed, and the keys of the safe are in the ricketiest drawer in the guvnor's desk in his study."

He kicked the fire into a blaze.

"Let's have some more punch before we go. Don't forget we may have to meet the family ghost at my place."

He helped the company to the remainder of the steaming punch.

"You'll all have to drive home and have a final peg with me," he said. "Refuse—and I put you down as a pack of funks."

The youngest scion of the wealthy house of Cartney was already wearing the glistening eye.

In the big hall where the others were getting on their coats Sagamore put a question to John Halberd.

"It isn't that. It's just that he hasn't got it to spare. He thought I wanted a couple of hundreds or so. But it's a matter of three thousand. You know what the land is now."

He laughed, but there was no mirth in it.

"The Cartney diamonds would run an unholy risk tonight if they'd taught me the elements of housebreaking at school," he said.

"Joking aside, is it so very serious?"

"It means the sort of smash that takes some living down. The papers would jump at it. Nothing below the belt, of course, but it's just the showing up—and I shall not even enjoy your felicity, Sagamore."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, as it's a matter for the bankruptcy court, every street boy will know. 'The affairs of Lord Lamerton's extravagant son!' Can't you see it all?"

"Jews?"

"Rather. I had to borrow after—after the financial reverse you know about."

"If you knew how I'd repay you——"

"No use talking about that. Besides, I know the straits you were in. Not that that justified you, but I realise how you were placed. Unfortunately mine is not a case of having a pal who——"

"Who won't give you away."

"Jump up, boys," said Cartney, from the doorway.

The groom was waiting outside with a trap.

"All aboard the lugger," John Halberd called out. "Come along, boys. Come along, Sagamore."

"I'm not coming. It will be cards. You know why I can't play. Besides, I'm not in the humour. I just want to stay and soak in all this—" he waved a thin hand around to the holly-hung ancient walls—"all this House."

John Halberd took his seat and flicked the horse.

Sagamore stood at the open door until the sound of their lusty singing died away with the clock-a-clock of the hoofs.

He closed the door quietly. He stood looking at the arms of the House that were carved on the big mantel. He translated the motto: "Death rather than a stain."

He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a revolver.

"There are some uses in even the self-taught education of a pickpocket," he said.

He looked at it wistfully. He laughed.

"I suppose if I hadn't seen him slip this piece of anti-burglar mechanism into his pocket, the silly ass's stupid soul would have been winging into space by now—and that little sentiment, Richard Sagamore, is not bad for you."

He took the cartridges out of the revolver and returned it to its place on the mantel behind a vase. It was very dusty.

He went back to the dining-room and picked up a cigarette. He lit it, and walked out into the hall again. He took a silver-handled lamp and softly opened the door of the drawing-room.

He looked about for a little, and came to the photograph of Joyce, his friend's sister.

He gazed at it for some minutes. He smiled back at it.

He said something of farewell.

The glass was cold to his lips. Very cold.

He put on a coat that John had given him.

In the old times, when he was as one of the family at Embridge Hall, he had known the Cartneys' house well. In those days he had thought it a fine old pile.

Now he caught himself smiling because the irony of fate had ordained that he should look at it from a professional standpoint—a soft job . . . a dead easy crib to crack!

The best markets were at his command. He was by way of being a judge of diamonds, and could select just the amount for which old Isaacson would give three thousand in genuine notes, which he could place to his friend's credit at the bank, and wish him, in return for the happy Christmas he had given him . . . a prosperous New Year.

Till Sagamore "turned honest"—and starved— the experts had looked on him as a promising young man, who never bungled.

"The keys of the safe," he quoted, musingly, as he walked slowly out of the drive gate, "are in the ricketiest drawer in the guvnor's desk in his study."

The thing that bothered him was the ice-cold of the glass of the photograph that still clung to his lips; but he strode steadily, stealthily, and purposefully on.

CHEEK.

Here is a growl from a contemporary: "I am growing sick of the attitude adopted by most coroners." Possibly a little variety, in the form, say, of a graceful poise on their heads, may yet earn our coroners the boon of our contemporary's approval.

* * *

Another paper asks "Which Royalty is known by the nickname of Sardines?" Someone, presumably, who gets oiled occasionally.

* * *

Why is the "Plum" tart?

* * *

Because his gastritis is keeping him out of the M.C.C. team in Australia.

* * *

No, "Interested Inquirer" (Epsom), Dr. C. W. Saleeby's book on "The Methods of Race-Regeneration" contains no reference to the starting-gate.

* * *

A new book is "Irish Recollections," by Justin McCarthy. Possibly we may have another on "Irish-American Collections" by T. P. O'Connor.

* * *

VEGETARIAN NOTE.—A truculent music-hall comedian says that if his agent won't give him dates, he will give the agent beans.

* * *

In the latest phraseology of the moment, a placard of a motoring journal hints darkly that "The Starting Handle Must Go." It has started already.

* * *

An evening paper headline, dealing with Tripoli, reads: "An Area Raked With Guns." Dear old Mrs. Footler says though areas should undoubtedly be kept clean, she would on no account allow hers to be done that way.

* * *

A Missouri judge was recently fined £50 for pulling the nose of another Missouri judge. It might have been cheaper to have pulled his leg.

J. S. Cox.

The Art of Making Up

HINTS FOR ACTORS IN AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

I have it on the authority of a member of a firm which is regarded as the premier house for theatrical requisites that amateur theatricals are more popular now than they ever were before. Consequently it struck me that an article on "make-up" would not only be of interest, but save expense to any of our readers who will tread the boards as amateurs during the present Christmas season.

First of all, let us get out our list of requisites. In the ordinary way, from a man's point of view, there are: Blanc de perle, a liquid white preparation used for statuary or "old man" parts; prepared burnt cork, for nigger parts, or, at a pinch, for blackening eyebrows; camel's hair brushes, for lining wrinkles, one for each colour, but this item can be dispensed with really; cocoa butter, for groundwork; crêpe hair, a substitute for false whiskers; black enamel, for rubbing on the teeth in "old man" parts, so as to appear toothless; eyebrow pencils, for shading the eyes; and fuller's earth, for dusting over the face when fully made up, so as to conceal the shine of the paint.

Grease paints should be allowed a list to themselves. They are arranged in numbers, according to intensity of colour, as follows:

GREASE PAINTS OF ALL SHADES.

1. Very pale (for anæmic parts).
1½. Fairly pale (for youthful parts).
2. For fair complexions (young naval officers, curates, etc.).
3. Ordinary flesh colour (soldiers, etc.).
3½. Slightly bronzed (countrymen, etc.).
4. Dark flesh colour (soldiers and sailors on foreign service, etc.).

Grease paints can be obtained in varieties of shades up to number 20; but the above will quite suffice for our needs in ordinary amateur theatricals.

The haresfoot is used to apply rouge and so on to the cheeks; and also for taking off superfluous powder or the fuller's earth above-mentioned. It is advisable to keep a special haresfoot for each purpose.

THE ORDER OF PROCEDURE.

Now we have to consider the order in which we are to take the different stages of the making-up process. It is generally here that the amateur or the novice makes his greatest errors. In applying one item he often manages to spoil the effect of the previous one. We should arrange our stages thus:

1. Preparing.
2. Complexion.
3. Putting on rouge.
4. Wrinkles and shading.
5. Hair.
6. Powder.
7. Beard, or moustache, or
8. Eyes, brows, lashes, etc. both.
9. The hands.

First of all, it is wise to set out all your requisites or, to use the pet professional term, "make-ups," on your table within easy distance of your hand. You will need a good mirror, placed before a strong, clear light (a flickering one should be avoided) so that the profile of your face is clearly reflected. The best kind of mirror is the three-folder; but an ordinary dressing-table glass will do at a pinch. Now to begin.

PREPARING THE SKIN.

Rub your face, eyelids, and neck with cocoa-butter, or, for preference, cold cream. (A professional tip when you are hard-up is *pure* lard.) After this, wipe the face gently with a soft towel, so as to remove the application, but to leave the skin so greasy as to render easier the spreading of the grease paints.

Now you cover your face thinly, and very evenly, with whatever "foundation" grease paint you require, according to the character you are representing. This gives your ordinary skin-colour, but does not suggest your complexion. This is done by applying rouge.

Touch up your cheek-bones with a little rouge on a haresfoot, but avoid a very common mistake. *Don't* put any on your eyelids, otherwise you will look as though you had been having what women call "a good cry." You cannot tone down the rouge properly with your haresfoot. This has to be done by carefully spreading with the fingers, so as to leave no hard lines.

A word now about wrinkles, if any. These are obtained by applying colour, generally blue or red, on the tip of a very fine brush, and marking them on the cheeks, at the side of and under the eyes, at the side of the mouth, or wherever desired. A double chin can be suggested by wearing a high collar and lining the under-jaw heavily across.

To make your eyebrows "bushy," brush them the wrong way at the same time as you are pencilling them.

By the way, do not pencil too much. To know when to leave off is one of the subtlest points in the art of making-up.

In the matter of hair, it is generally advisable to have a wig to suit the particular character; but as these are not as cheap as they might be, hair-powder of the requisite tint may be used instead. For "old man" parts, grey hair can be presented with white powder, smearing the sides with a little white grease paint and taking off the superfluity of the latter with a fine comb. Eyebrows, moustache, and beard should be treated in the same way. At this stage the painting part is concluded, and all you have to do now is to powder lightly with fuller's earth.

CONCEALING A MOUSTACHE.

Moustaches, or beards, if any, are the next consideration. If you are a moustached man, and you want to play a clean-shaven part, don't go to the heroic length of shaving your tooth-brush off. Flatten it down with "Hongroise," and colour it to match your complexion as you have made it up.

Your hands should be in keeping with your complexion. Make a wash of the required colour, and put it on with a sponge. In "old" parts the hands and arms can be wrinkled and veined in the same way as the face.

PHILIP TOWN.

PRESERVING YOUR TOOTH-BRUSH.

The tooth-brush is one of those necessary things which the average man dislikes having to renew; therefore, it behoves him to exercise care in preserving it.

Most men, after cleaning their teeth, lay the brush down on its back. The water is held by the bristles, and sinks into the back of the brush, finding its way into the bone by means of the small holes in which the bristles are fixed. The bone consequently becomes soaked with water and offensive.

The right way to treat the tooth-brush is to lay it face downwards upon your tin of tooth-powder or tube of paste, so that the bristles hang down, and the moisture has no chance of getting at the back of the brush.

LEFT LEADS AND COUNTERS.

We hear a lot about the virtues of a good, honest, straight left, but—here is a pertinent question—how often do we see one used? Hardly once in a blue moon.

Mark you, we see a lot of left punches, but we said *straight* lefts.

The reason why men so often hook and jab with the left is that they don't know how to get their weight behind a straight one properly.

One of our foremost heavy-weight boxers, by the way, prides himself on his straight lefts; but, in reality, they are only hybrid affairs. What he does is really to poke his arm out with a kind of twist of the forearm and wrist, which he thinks is very effective, but which, if it were done without gloves, would only result in a dislocated wrist for him.

There is only one way of getting one's full weight behind a left lead, and that is for fist and foot to work together and in time. Let the first land on the other man's face and the second on the ground at exactly the same time.

It is in this respect that a left lead differs from a left counter. In the case of the latter, it is not always necessary for the left foot to be advanced at all, for a counter is done where your adversary is leading, and you thus gain the advantage of his forward movement without taking one yourself.

HOW MUSICAL READERS MAY ASSIST CHARITIES.

Although all sorts of people talk very glibly, in the early parts of the year, of their intention of "going out carol-singing" in aid of charity during the next Christmas season, still, when the time really comes, those well-meaning folk invariably make a convenient forget of it—wherein their backsliding is tempered with much worldly wisdom, for amateur waiting (I don't mean in the gastronomic sense) is by no means all beer and skittles. I suppose I ought to say wassail and blind-man's-buff.

IN THE COUNTRY.

One of the most unpleastant experiences I ever had in this respect was when a party of men from our office, myself included, had taken a small furnished farmhouse in Buckinghamshire to spend Christmas in. We found time hang rather heavily on our hands after a day or two, so we hit on the idea of carol-singing for charity. We approached the local parson, who was delighted, and promised us his full support. Thus we were not surprised when a day or so later we received a letter from Something-or-Other Hall, saying that Colonel So-and-So was entertaining a house party there, and that he would be glad if we would come and sing carols outside his place at midnight on Christmas Eve.

We were as pleased as a dog with a tin tail, and hastened to hire our instruments, with which we practised sedulously. At about half-past eleven on the momentous night, we sallied forth for a half-hour's trudge through the snow to the Colonel's abode. We reached it with cold numbed fingers, and when Griggs', the flute-player's, watch said it was midnight, we started to play, or rather, started to *blow*, for that was all we could do.

ATTACKED.

We blew like grampuses (or is it grampi?) but no sound came. An examination of our instruments quickly showed that my cornet was full of mud, Griggs' flute had a tiny scent-bottle-cork firmly shoved into it, and Cardew, who was to have worked a fiddle, found that all the strings had been carefully extracted?

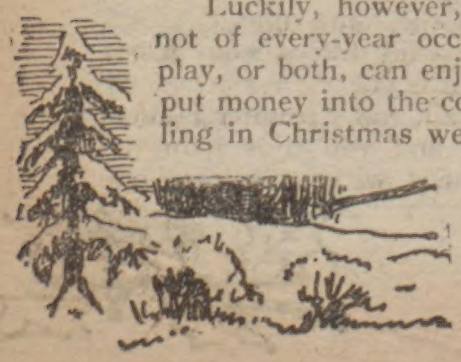
The last straw was added when a number of forms bobbed up from behind the wall outside which we stood and pelted us with an absolute fusillade of snowballs. You can imagine our language was anything but Christmassy. We tried a feeble snowball-retaliation, but our foes had made theirs and we hadn't, so we had to beat a retreat.

But we hadn't gone many yards when a body of our assailants ran after us, with shouts of "Come back, you chaps!" They dragged us into the house and gave us a right royal time, and explained that "just for a rag" they had bribed our landlord to doctor our instruments at the eleventh hour. They were delighted at the success of their "rag."

IN TOWN.

However, we swigged up all their "wassail"—just to show there was no ill-feeling, and before we left they had a whip-round for the parson's charity, which realised more than we could have got if we'd played every night for a week.

On another occasion when I was carolling in a Bloomsbury square with some pals there was anything but peace and goodwill. A gang of professional waits who had had no luck made a dead set at us, and there was quite an interesting Donnybrook in miniature. I don't know which side won, because a policeman came up as the Rev. F. B. Meyer, and stopped the fight.



Luckily, however, hairbreadth 'scapes of this sort are not of every-year occurrence; and men who can sing or play, or both, can enjoy themselves, and at the same time put money into the coffers of deserving charities, by carolling in Christmas week. In fact, lots of people will give them money to go away.

C. W. GROVES.

FROM THE RINGSIDE.

NOTES ON CURRENT BOXING.

To-day, or rather to-night, Monday, December 4, is to witness the reopening of the National Sporting Club. An excellent programme has been arranged for the occasion, though one big bout has had to be abandoned through the illness of one of the men concerned. This was the match between the American, Kellar, and Sid Smith, for the Fly-Weight Championship of Great Britain and a belt presented by Lord Lonsdale. Kellar, however, fell ill, and his place will, so it is understood as I write, be taken by Joe Wilson, the Stepney boxer.

The same programme will also include the much-discussed meeting between Billy Marchant, the heavily-boomed Salford boxer, and Bill Bennett, of Dublin, who will box twenty rounds for £110. It looks like being a big night.

The really big event of the month, though, will be, with the kind permission of the Rev. H. B. Meyer, the match, arranged for December 18, between Bombardier Wells and Fred Storbeck. Although Wells has improved enormously, of course, during the past few months, he must not regard the big South African any too lightly, seeing that Storbeck held the Heavy-Weight Amateur Championship of Great Britain in 1910, before he became a professional.

Both Wells and Storbeck, by the way, were seen in exhibition bouts at the Belsize Boxing Club on Thursday, November 23, when Wells went a few rounds with Mr. Bruce Logan, the famous amateur, showing splendid form; and Storbeck met W. Hazell, the heavy-weight champion of the City Police. It was practically unanimously held, by the way, that, as far as science and grace of action were concerned, Wells's display was considerably above the South African champion's.

"STRAIGHT LEFT."

LONDON CAMEOS.

X.—A PARTING.

On the cold, draughty platform of the big London station, alongside the motionless waiting train, a number of people were "seeing off" their friends. It was an afternoon of fog and drizzling rain, with the gloom of the station more depressing still than the inclement weather outside.

Leaning out of the window of a first-class carriage was a bare-headed man, with an arm stretched down clasping the gloved hand of a young and pretty woman. She was exceedingly tastefully dressed, with sable furs on, and a big reticule dangling from her left arm.

She stood quite close up to him, smiling into his face, talking a little . . . . obviously resolutely bright.

He on his part scarcely spoke. His face was white, and his eyes were strained to her face, taking in every detail of it, so that in the days to come of loneliness and separation he might remember it and be comforted. . . .

His luggage had the labels of an Indian steamship company upon it. One judged them instinctively to be man and wife . . . . or lovers.

They were utterly oblivious of everything taking place around them. Occasionally would come silences, wherein they would simply look at each other—tongue-bound, but with hearts speaking. Her smile would fade away from her lips then, leaving them pitiful and sad.

But bravely she would recall it. She would say something, and nod. And once she grimaced.

One felt that all she desired in the world was to send him away with a happy, cheerful face. And he, it was plain, was unable to summon up the spirit to match her mood. Set-expressioned and white, he could only gaze at her hungrily . . . . hungrily.

The prolonged shrill of the guard's whistle startled them. She tip-toed quickly, raising her face to his. He bent down as hurriedly and kissed her.

In another moment the train was steaming away, and she was standing back watching its departure. He did not wave. Neither did she. She stood absolutely still till his carriage had wound out of sight.

For a second or two longer she remained. Then she turned unsteadily and took one or two steps in the direction away from the exit. Realising her mistake she turned again at right angles and made off at a quicker pace.

As she went past, one saw that she was biting her underlip.

G. A.

NOT HEARD IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

DRAMATIC SHORT STORY

By ROBERT OVERTON.

Lord Glenhampton looked upon the face of his wife, and was satisfied.

His years were nearer seventy than sixty; hers were less than twenty. Her youth, her beauty, her innocence—herself, without either dowry or social status: these were what he, who had title and lands and wealth, had bought.

He looked upon her, and was satisfied with his bargain. A few months before, she was only the English governess in the nursery of the foreign nobleman in whose house abroad he first saw her. Now she was Lady Glenhampton.

The marriage had been arranged not only quickly but very quietly. He consulted none of his family or friends about it, and she had none to consult. They were married in London very early in the morning, and on the evening of the same day arrived at the distant sea-side hamlet where they were now spending their honeymoon in the strictest retirement.

The bridegroom wrote only one letter announcing that he had at last taken unto himself a wife. The letter was addressed to Captain Gerald Talbot, late of a distinguished regiment which he had done nothing to distinguish.

Captain Talbot had every right to receive the communication. The old lord's only nephew, he was heir to the title and estates of Glenhampton. Nothing could stand in the way of his succession upon his uncle's death — save the latter's marriage and the birth to him of a son. As the years rolled on, the danger appeared so remote that the heir-prospective ceased to concern himself about the contingency, and lived, and borrowed, and gambled, and spent upon the security of his prospects, which, in all human probability, were certain.

His wife, flinging herself at his feet, sobbed: "He is the man!"

Gerald Talbot received the news of his avuncular relative's "foolery" with anger and genuine indignation, largely mixed with consternation. The last emotion was soon almost entirely dissipated by the consoling reflection that it was in the last degree improbable that any issue would result from the union; but his anger remained, for circumstances were not wanting to feed it.

As soon as the facts of the marriage leaked out, a number of his creditors, hitherto very complacent, adopted a different attitude, and began to press him. When he urged the extreme improbability of the birth of an heir to Lord Glenhampton, they insisted upon its possibility, and became so persistent in their demands for payment or safer security that he decided to "leave town" for a time.

Amongst other luxuries, he possessed a charming yachtsman's bungalow at a place remote from London and his duns. Giving out that he was going somewhere else, he wold hie him hither and low lie a while.

Lord and Lady Glenhampton's honeymoon visit to Audley Bay lengthened, for they had resolved to stay there through all the winter months, though his lordship's affairs would make it necessary that he should leave his wife occasionally for periods of uncertain duration.

Already Gerald Talbot was weary of his sojourn by the "sad sea waves"—very sad he found them.

His bungalow was high on the cliff top; in front, the sea; behind, a range of wooded hills. The nearest town was about a mile to the left—a very few miles to the right nestled a village in the midst of the white chalk which towered steep above the beach.

A crisp morning in December—and the world seemed full of sunbeams. There were sunbeams in the air, on the land, on the sea; sunbeams round the tops of the tallest trees on the highest hills; sunbeams that bathed the lowest valleys in a glamour of gold; sunbeams on all the little gleeful child-waves that rip rip-rippled on the margin of the yellow sands and the big billows that tumbled about in ecstacy farther off; sunbeams that melted the throats of all the birds into song; sunbeams that made the fishes in all the flashing brooks and streams so merry that they leaped up to swallow them, as though they felt that a little sunshine inside would do them good.

But what to Gerald was all the glory of the morning? Listless, bored, and tired of everything—for him the fair scene around had no attraction: for him the Song of Nature held no music. He had not eyes to see, nor ears to hear, as he stood lounging in the porchway of his house.

At last, with a sigh of ennui, he feebly pulled himself together and prepared for his usual "brandy-and-soda prowl." For no better reason than that he was tired of turning to the left for the town, he turned this morning to the right for the village.

On what tiny threads of fate hang the destinies of our lives! Half-way between town and village his eyes fell upon a sight that had for him an allurement that was lacking in all the splendour that was shining on land and sea. Walking on the sands below, and coming towards him, was a beautiful woman.

He watched her with quickening interest. Close to where he stood, the cliff so sank and sloped that an ascent from the beach to the summit was easy. Would she make it? he wondered, as she approached nearer and yet nearer. He could see her more distinctly now — see more clearly how very beautiful she was.

At the foot of the easy slope she stopped and hesitated—then commenced to climb. Gerald Talbot rose and walked forward. He might have a chance of offering the fair unknown his hand as she reached the top. Still watching her, he heard a scream and saw her fall, when about half-way up the ascent.

The next moment he had clambered down the cliff, and was kneeling beside her. Her foot had slipped, and she had fallen before she could regain her balance. She was not hurt, but she was frightened, and it was not altogether without excuse that Gerald placed his arm around her and supported her head upon his shoulder.

Always keen for an adventure, and passionately susceptible to the charms of a form so roundly moulded, a face so tempting, as the form and face of the girl he was almost holding in his arms, his voice was very earnest and full of solicitude as he asked her:

"May I raise you? Are you hurt?"

Her eyes had been closed, but she opened them, and they met the handsome eyes of the gallant-looking man who was holding her so tenderly but so strongly.

A blush leaped instantly to her cheeks, and she made a quick movement to rise. Talbot lifted her to her feet, and begged that he might help her to the cliff-top.

Ere they parted—to meet again, and yet again—he had said:

"My name is Gerald—Captain Gerald Fitz-Gerald, if

you will. May I know by what name I may think of you?"

And she had answered:

"May I tell you—now—only Norah?"

* * * * * * *

The sea was a shimmer of gold in the sunset. Purple shadows wreathed the hill-tops. The gloaming veiled the face of Nature. Slowly—she lingeringly and he controlling his eagerness—side by side, their bodies touching and moving together at every step—towards his solitary bungalow on the steep cliff-side walked Gerald Talbot and Norah.

Her face was bent over his arm—but he knew how the sweet eyes were gleaming, he knew how the full ripe lips were trembling, he knew how her heart was throbbing, he knew the new light that was at last in her face, for it was the light of the fire himself had kindled.

In the deeper shadow of the trees in the garden surrounding the house she stopped and cried aloud to him.

"Oh! No, no. Let me go back again. Let me go. I am married."

To do him justice, he had not known it; he had not seen the golden circlet upon her small gloved hand.

He hesitated.

For once his slumbering conscience woke and made itself heard.

"Let the child go."

Yes, he would. Ah! but how beautiful her hair was—the hair into which the sunbeams had strayed and become entangled.

"Duty?"

Ah! but the whiteness of the whitest rose, the softest colouring of the fairest flower were in her cheeks.

"Chivalry?"

Ah! but the orchard never grew that bore a tree whose fruit was luscious—after her lips.

"Honour—HONOUR? Yes, let the girl go."

Ah! but he had felt the beating of her breast as she had nestled to him.

The hands whose touch she was powerless to resist were laid again lightly upon her.

"Come, Norah."

And together they entered the house.

* * * * * * *

Gerald Talbot's retreat did not long remain undiscovered, and he left it for reasons similar to those which had prompted his departure from London a few months earlier.

After playing for a time an unsuccessful game of hide-and-seek in a variety of places, he resorted to a safe but very shady retreat on the Continent, whence he addressed a number of unsuccessful appeals for help to Lord Glenhampton. The first two or three were answered courteously, though curtly and decidedly unsatisfactorily; afterwards, the ex-dragoon's noble kinsman appeared to decline further correspondence.

It was with considerable surprise, therefore, that the debt-exiled heir received one day from his uncle a peremptory summons to return to England at once, and to repair post-haste to Greyling Towers, Lord Glenhampton's seat in Yorkshire. That the old lord was thoroughly in earnest was proved by the fact that an amply sufficient remittance accompanied the summons, which Talbot obeyed with all possible speed, and with high hopes that his "claims" upon the avuncular exchequer were at last to be liberally recognised.

After a chill, wet drive across the bleak moors from the nearest station, he arrived at the Towers late in the evening. He noticed that the old lord looked greatly harassed, and his manner gave him a feeling of undefined alarm; but he was absolutely unprepared for the astounding communication which he soon found he had been summoned to England to hear.

The two men were closeted in the library.

"Gerald," said Lord Glenhampton earnestly, "I have sent for you because I feel that what you are about to hear you have a right to hear. As heir-presumptive, it affects you next after myself—in one sense, though in one sense only, it affects you even more than myself, for your life is before you, mine is almost over."

The younger man listened with strained attention.

"A year ago I married."

"I have good cause for not forgetting it."

"A month ago my wife gave birth to a son."

"What!"

Gerald Talbot sprang from his seat and seized his uncle passionately by the shoulders. Lord Glenhampton thrust him from him, and he fell back into his chair.

"Your wife gave birth to a son!" he gasped.

"Yes. BUT THE CHILD IS NOT MINE."

"Do you mean to say. . . ."

"I mean to say that my schoolgirl wife was betrayed. That the child cannot be mine I know. She knows it, too, and now confesses it. What is to be done?"

"Done?" almost shrieked Gerald Talbot. "What can be done but to get a divorce at once? Where is she?"

"Here. She and the child."

"Here! Are you mad? Turn out the woman and her brat—now—to-night. Not a moment is to be lost. If you fail to prove that the child is not yours, what becomes of me? Where is the man?"

"I do not know. I have sent for you to tell you everything that I have learnt so far. For your sake, in justice to you, I have resolved to face the shame of the Divorce Court. When I have told you all I know, it must be for you to find the man, that the case may be proved."

"I *will* find him. If he is hiding in the ends of the world I will drag him into the light. I will force the truth from him, if necessary, with my hands upon his throat. The villain shall pay the penalty of his dastardly crime, which might have kept me from my own for ever. Wherever he is, whatever he is, whoever he is, I will find him. Quick—tell me what you know of him—tell me his name—quick!"

Without warning, the door opened, and a pale, beautiful woman, with golden-brown hair and blue eyes and white cheeks, appeared in full view of the two startled men, shrinking back as they sprang to their feet.

Sternly Glenhampton exclaimed:

"Lady Glenhampton. . . ."

But with a strange wail as she looked at his companion, Lady Glenhampton cried:

"Gerald!"

As Gerald gasped:

"Norah!"

Lord Glenhampton heard the cries, saw the look on the face of each—and knew the truth before his wife, flinging herself at his feet, had sobbed:

"HE IS THE MAN!"

* * * * * *

That same night Gerald Talbot left Greyling Towers and the presence of his uncle for ever. With almost fiendish joy had the latter exulted in the scheme of revenge upon which he had seized.

"Go, Gerald Talbot," he had said; "and never enter house of mine again. I HAVE FOUND THE MAN; but I decline to take proceedings in divorce. To your last hour you will feel the heavy weight of my vengeance.

"Hark! Do you hear the cry of that child upstairs—YOUR child? He shall be what you would have been. Born in wedlock, without me no power on earth or in heaven can bastardize him in the eyes of the Law. I could do it—but I will not. A child of my own I shall never have—my wife's child as mine—your child as mine—will inherit your title, live on your land, enjoy your wealth—your child whom you dare never claim. You will die as you must live—a beggar."

Outside the door the ruined man had heard the cry of the child again, and it had seemed in his ears to swell into a wailing dirge.

THE BEST CORKSCREW.

One of the most frequently forgotten things in a man's diggings is the necesary corkscrew. The landlady can often produce only an old-fashioned, ill-working affair that destroys the cork and sprinkles the liquor with cork fragments.

In buying a corkscrew there are two important points to look for. One is to see that the metal is well fixed in the handle. It is annoying when the screw works loose in the handle, for it cannot then be driven properly into the cork, as the handle revolves alone.

The other is the size, or thread of the screw. The smaller this is the better. The big, winding, wire affair always tears the cork to pieces. The screw needs only to be large enough to grip in to the cork, which it will draw without doing any damage.

Do not force the corkscrew right through the cork. Two-thirds through is far enough. Otherwise the hole in the bottom of the cork allows cork dust to fall into the liquid, whatever it might be, and cork is good neither for eating nor drinking.

Tracks in the Snow

HOW TO DISTINGUISH THE FOOTPRINTS OF WILD CREATURES.

The fall of snow after which it is pleasantest to walk, is one of some three or four inches in depth only, and of a fine, dry, powdery character. The time to enjoy such a walk is as soon after breakfast as possible, before the frost has rendered it too hard and slippery, or before the sun, on the other hand, has begun to thaw its surface.

We leave the house for our walk with the principal intention of examining, identifying, and, perhaps, following some of the tracks left by bird and beast in the white covering that seems to puzzle and perplex them so much.

By the door there are many tracks made by small birds, which we need not pause to deal with further than to point out that birds that hop, like sparrows and robins, leave their footprints in pairs, side by side, with clear intervals between each pair; while with birds that walk, like larks and wagtails, the tracks are made by alternate feet, with a dragging line from the hind toe of each print to the middle toe of the last.

Walking Bird.

The first tracks we are likely to see on leaving the immediate precincts of the house will be those of rabbits, the four almost round pad-marks forming an irregular quadrangle, being incredibly numerous. We may not have known that rabbits abounded so close to our abode; but the tracks prove that either there are many more bunnies than we have imagined, or that the few there are have been running about ever since the snow fell in a perfectly aimless and insane manner.

Very possibly among them we shall find a singular track of small dots, forming a single line, and following in the steps of one of the rabbits with curious persistence. It is the trail of a stoat or weasel, and if we followed it far enough, we should come upon the body of the furry victim, with the snow around it stained crimson with poor bunny's blood.

Hopping Bird.

As we pass the coppice we see a big imprint of a bird's foot, with a long heel, a walking bird, because the track is continuous; it is that of a pheasant, the largest common walking bird in this country.

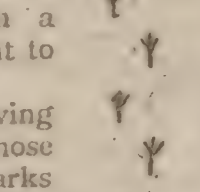
When we come to the stream we see a number of birds' footmarks of an irregular shape, the claw-imprints being such as leave us in no doubt that they were made by the lobed feet of the water-hen.

Under the bridge there is another unmistakable footmark, with five prints of toes and no sign of a heel; this is the "seal" of an otter. On the bank of the shaw leading to the warren there are some bear-like "spoor," the long claw-marks of which proclaim the fact that a badger has gone that way.

The trace of a hare that has come through the gate on to the highway, is easily identifiable, by reason of the larger and more oval series of "fours" than the rabbits leave, and by the greater space between each set of four.

Rabbit.

As we climb the hill to the moors, we come on the track of a prowling fox. The long narrow footprints following each other almost in a straight line—but not quite so much so as those of our former friend the weasel—lead across the country from the main earths to the poultry-house of yonder farm. If we follow them we shall find that Reynard has been all round the hen-houses, trying to find a way in; we can even see by the deeper prints of the hind-legs close to the wall, and by the absence of any corresponding fore-footmarks, where the fox has stood up to peer through the glass window at the "sour hens" huddled together on their perch in complete security.



Moorhen.

Over-lying the footsteps of the fox are those of a terrier, who on being let out in the morning has nosed his enemy, and run round and round with his muzzle to Reynard's footprints, blowing away the snow in his eagerness to wind the prowler.

Up on the top of the moor we flush a pack of grouse, and, making our way to the spot, find where they have "jugged," and are able to compare their footmarks with those of the pheasant, finding them stouter and shorter, and more blurred in their outlines, by reason of the feathers that come down over the claw.

Fox.

Depending upon the district in which we live, we may come across the draggling track of a lost ewe, or perhaps the "slot" of a stag or the cloven "view" of a buck. These will be unmistakable, and will tell us something of the creatures which, all unsuspected by us, live so close, and are yet so seldom seen by us in our rambles.

The experienced tracker could tell you whether the beasts we have been following were walking or running; but we are content to have identified a dozen or so of the more common of our dumb neighbours, and return home after a really interesting ramble, which should have taught us more of the nocturnal and early morning habits of rabbit and stoat, pheasant and fox, otter, badger, and hare, than the dry grass fields and dusty high roads ever exhibit to the unobservant rambler under ordinary conditions.

E. C. R. Cameron.

THE CARE OF TRAVELLING RUGS.

At this season of the year travelling rugs are a necessity for all who have to spend much time in trains, but unless your rug is to become unpleasant, you must give it a little attention.

The atmosphere of railway carriages, and especially of "smokers," is never quite fresh, and rugs seem to absorb all the stale odours of tobacco. They also attract, or at least hold, any dust that is floating about—and there is an abundance in the average railway carriage.

The best way to keep a rug free from dust and to preserve its sweetness is to hang it on a clothes line, if possible in the sun, after use. A gentle beating will rid it of dust, and the circulation of pure air in the wool will dispel all unpleasant odours of tobacco.

A rug so treated is not only more pleasant to use, but it also lasts longer.

600-YARD RACES.

A very favourite distance this, for it will be found included on almost every sports programme; and, withal, it is a very interesting race to study in all its points. It can hardly be classed as a distance by itself, like the hundred, or the quarter, or the half-mile.

It is only very rarely that a man who wins a 600 yards race cannot "get" another 280, and have finished half-a-mile. On the other hand, a fine sprinter can hardly ever compass more than the quarter—indeed, very many "hundred" men cannot get 440—and consequently 600 yards is beyond him.

The obvious inference is that the man who wins the 600 yards race is a half-miler.

Another interesting point about 600 yards races is that they bring out a man's tactical skill to a great degree. They are not to be won by dashing off at the sound of the pistol and keeping up the pace while it lasts. Guile must be infused into it.

A runner in such a race should run it more or less after the fashion of a half-mile race.

Start at a fair pace, but leave enough in you for a good burst at the end. Don't go right away, for the other men may be "kidding." Stop back with them till about the last 200 yards. Then go away if you like, and finish the last 100 at as near an approach to sprinting pace as you can muster.

MEMOIRS OF A MARRIED MAN.—2.

OUR NEST.

Now a bank clerk in receipt of £200 a year cannot afford an expensive honeymoon, nor has he the time at his disposal for a long one. Although the bank people had generously allowed me a month's holiday instead of the official three weeks, Ethel and I wisely decided to leave Ilfracombe at the end of a fortnight and devote the remainder of our holiday to settling down in our new home.

The bank had just opened a small branch in Wilton Common, one of London's newest suburbs, and I had been appointed manager. There was no living accommodation at the bank premises, and so, prior to our marriage, we had secured a smart little villa at a rental of £36 per annum, rates and taxes.

The furniture we had bought, and the numerous wedding presents we had received had all been delivered at the house; but the actual furnishing of the place was to be held over until our return. At present, Ethel's young brother Tom slept there every night and kept watch and ward over our treasures.

MAKING PURCHASES.

So, after two weeks of unalloyed happiness with Ethel at Ilfracombe, during which time I had got into the habit of calling her "Chum"—indeed, we wandered everywhere like boon companions—we packed our traps and started for home.

On our way to the station we made a few purchases—inexpensive trifles—which we desired to secure as mementoes of our visit. We bought one or two large, coloured photographs showing the Capstone and Hillsborough, some views of Barnstaple, and other places of adjacent interest, and also some "Goss" china emblazoned with the arms of Ilfracombe. Ethel thought these would look very pretty as knick-knacks for the mantelpiece, and I made a mental note that at least they would serve a useful purpose as receptacles for burnt matches and tobacco ash.

"Now, Jack, I am going to buy you something for your own self," said Ethel, halting in front of a "man's shop," as she called it. "You stop outside"—and in she sailed confident and radiant, leaving me and the parcels on the pavement.

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

I gazed at the window and mournfully speculated on the nature of her purchase. There was a kaleidoscopic display of fancy shirts. Would it be one of these? Even supposing that Ethel could be relied upon to select a pattern that didn't shriek, did she know the size of the neck-band? Dotted about in semi-graceful abandon among the shirts were socks of many wonderful and violent hues, while the front of the window was streaked with an assortment of ties that gave one furiously to think—to put it mildly!

At last Ethel emerged triumphant with a neat, square parcel.

"Guess what it is!" she cried gaily.

"Crewel-worked smoking-cap in box, as advertised," I said.

"Wrong! Try again."

"Handkerchiefs," I hazarded, much relieved.

WHAT SHE BOUGHT.

"No," said Ethel. "I've bought you a dozen of your own special double collars. Oh, I know your size, 15½," she continued, noticing my look of doubtful inquiry, "because I looked inside the one you left on the dressing-table this morning. Besides, you have crumpled so many collars down here, haven't we—I mean haven't you—Jack?" she added nervously, blushing divinely.

"Dear old Chum," I said, and tried to press her hand, but nearly succeeded in dropping my parcels.

Arrived at the station, we took our seats in the London train. By a curious coincidence, the same guard who was on the train when we came down was now returning with us. He recognised us, and saw us comfortably ensconced in a through corridor coach.

"Right away!" his cheery voice called down the platform, and Ilfracombe, with its hallowed associations, was left behind.

I think the return journey was even a more pleasant experience than the outward one. That feeling of shyness, of restraint, which all young couples must undergo at the outset, was now replaced by a perfect understanding, an implicit trust, and that sense of inseparable companionship which marriage alone can instil. And so my little girl and myself found the hours flit quickly by.

When the train stopped at Westbourne Park we were recalled to earth by the strident demand of "Tickets, please!" Ethel jumped off my knee in confusion, and the fool of a collector grinned as he banged the door.

Paddington reached, we hailed a taxi, and after giving the driver his instructions I sat down beside Ethel.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

"Now for home at last, Chum," I said.

The little girl nestled closer to my side, her face against my sleeve, and in the warm pressure of her dainty hand there was a world of meaning.

Although the chauffeur was a good driver and skilfully threaded his way through the traffic in the crowded streets, Ethel seemed nervous, and plucked convulsively at my arm every time we skimmed past a motor-'bus or were about to turn a corner. In the hoot-toot of the motor-horn she seemed to hear the premonitory signal of disaster, and breathed a sigh of profound relief as the taxi at last reached Wilton Common.

I picked up the speaking-tube.

"Drive straight on till you come to the Estate Office, and take the first turning on the left. Framlington Road is then second on the right—No. 15."

Presently I could tell by the sound of the wheels that we were in a newly-made road—indeed, a shrouded, motionless steam-roller proclaimed the fact—and slowly we hummed by spick-and-span villas looking very white and new in the moonlight. Then we stopped.

A FAMILY WELCOME.

The front door of No. 15 flew open, and young Tom, his eager, handsome face flushed with excitement, literally dragged us from the cab.

"Hullo, Chalmers! What cheer, Sis!" he said, trying to shake my hand and hug his sister at the same time.

In the doorway were Ethel's father and mother.

"Thought we'd come round and have a meal ready for you people," said her father apologetically, as he wrung my hand; but there was a tremor on his lips as he spoke, and I could see his eye glisten as his daughter flung herself into her mother's arms.

Then the sweet-faced old lady put her hands on my shoulders, and, drawing my head down to her lips, kissed me on the forehead and whispered, "God bless you both."

A sudden lump seemed to rise in my throat as I reverently returned her caress, and instinctively I felt that my own mother, now sleeping her last sleep, and my father, who had found a soldier's grave in South Africa, were unseen witnesses of this happy home-coming.

THE BROTHER-IN-LAW'S SPEECH.

What a merry supper party we had! Ethel demurely took her place at one end of the table and played hostess, as if to the manner born. The old people beamed on us each in turn, while Tom was bent on making a speech.

"I was done out of it at the wedding, you know, Chalmers," he whispered to me confidentially, "and I'm not going to lose this chance."

Before I could restrain him he stood up, and, fixing his eye on a vacant chair in a corner of the room, said:

"Mr. Chairman—sorry"—("Ass!" muttered his father)—"Ladies and gentlemen, I want to propose—I want to propose——" ("Then why the dickens don't you find a girl?" said the old man)—"I rise to propose," said Tom, scorning the interruption, "the health of our guests—no, we're *their* guests—aren't we, mother? Anyhow, here's luck to you, Chalmers, and to you, Sis" (a demure bow from the fair head opposite to me), "and prosperity to your family! That's the pater, mater, and me, you know!" he explained quickly, as poor Ethel's face went all colours. Her mother looked hard at her plate, but the old man and I roared laughing.

The two ladies—under Tom's superintendence—cleared away the things, and after making us promise to come round to dinner on Sunday week, Ethel's people departed, and we were left alone.

Then we made a personally-conducted tour of our little

(*Continued on page 386.*)

CHARLIE RUSH AND THE QUORNITE

A FOX-HUNTING STORY.

By C. HEWSON.

The meet of the Grasston Foxhounds was in front of Marston Manor, up and down whose circular, balustred flight of stone steps a continuous stream of men in pink coats and in black, of women in safety-habits and silk or flat-rimmed, round hats, was coming and going on their way to the hall and dining-room, in which the owner was hospitably pressing refreshments of many kinds upon all comers.

On the broad sweep of gravel before the house many mounts were being walked quietly about by grooms and second horsemen, while on the grass of the lawn the hounds clustered in a semi-circle round their huntsman's horse.

It was a perfect picture in the pale sunshine of a mild winter's day; a picture best appreciated, perhaps, by the group of foot-people standing against the laurels that sheltered the ornamental water. One of these, a young man in a rough shooting suit, who looked as though he meant to follow on foot, enjoyed the scene with the eye of a sportsman as well as that of an artist; but his gaze roved anxiously from one group of sportsmen to another, as though in search of some particular person.

He had arrived in good time at the meet, had greeted the huntsman and whippers-in, who raised their caps to him as if they recognised in him the spirit of a sportsman, although he was too poor to be able to ride to hounds; had gone amongst the pack, greeting a favourite here and there by name; had spoken to the terrier held on a chain and couples by "Running Jack," and examined the newly-healed cut that little Judy had received the last time a fox had been dug out.

Sir William had descended the steps to ask him into the Hall, but he drank nothing when he meant to run with hounds, nor touched a cigarette until he turned homeward at dusk. His one aim for the moment was to get speech of a man who had not yet arrived, for he had something to tell him.

Coming by the field-path from his modest cottage lodgings in a village three miles distant, he had chanced to hear one of two men in pink riding on the road beyond the hedge say, with that peculiar distinctness which seems inseparable from the voices of men on horses or on bicycles:

"Well, he's come specially from the Quorn to do it, and I've bet five to four he will."

"Hope he will," the other had rejoined; "should like to see the little man properly cut down and hung up to dry, as Jorrocks used to say."

"Well, he will be, you bet—even if he's riding that black mare that pulls so."

"Not so sure of that, however. The black is the best mount in the Grasston country, bar none—for anyone who can hold her. Charlie Rush is the only one that can, and he can't always do it. I've seen him in the middle of hounds more than once this season."

"Ah! He could get five hundred for her easily if it weren't for that." . . . And the voices died away at a turning of the road.

The young man in the shooting suit had climbed the stile into the highway and gone on to the meet in some excitement.

"A chap from the Quorn. . . . Five to four against. . . . Charlie Rush . . . the black mare . . ." he repeated to himself: "There's a plot on foot to pound Charlie. I must see him and give him a hint of what's up," and he hurried on.

Now, at the meet he could see nothing of his friend, and in the throng of horsemen was unable to identify the importation from the Quorn who was to put Charlie's nose out of joint—or, perhaps, more literally to break his neck.

Marston Manor lay on the extreme border of the Grasston country, and was something of a show meet, Sir William always giving the farmers a breakfast at ten, and lavishing refreshments on all who subsequently attended the fixture. In a field of four hundred there were numerous strangers, and the two men whose conversation he had overheard, and whom he had recognised as Captain Springfield and Squire Brandon, spoke to many of them. He had no clue to the identity of the Quornite, and the master was emerging from the house and going to take his horse. In five minutes hounds would have moved off to draw.

Suddenly his eyes lightened as he saw the familiar figure of Rush coming quietly up the long drive from the lodge gates. A small man, in a dark grey coat, yellow waistcoat, fawn Bedford cords, black boots, with black tops, his neat silk hat with its plain gold string, set a mere trifle on one side, his brown face with twinkling black eyes and a small black moustache twisted up from the corners of his smiling mouth, he looked what he was—every inch a workman.

A farmer farming his own land, he devoted himself principally to hunter-breeding, making and selling his own produce, and occasionally buying a likely young 'un, and re-selling him to some welter-weight at what he called a "top-hole" price later on. He feared nothing in the hunting-field, rode straight and hard, took without injury tosses that would have laid out most men, and boasted that he had few whole bones left in his body.

Bertie Jones was one of his few friends in Grasstonshire, for the purse-proud hunting-men who came to a great extent from town for the season, disliked being so easily cut down at their fences by one whom they privately called "a mere horse-dealer," and resented having to pay the stiff prices for their weight-carriers that Rush demanded and refused to abate in the slightest degree. Nevertheless, they were outwardly cordial, and Bertie imagined they were more so than usual as Charlie rode up to the meet.

The Master, twisting a big cigar between his lips, greeted him with a grin and the remark:

"I've given you a little extra law, Rush. Didn't want to throw off till you came."

"Thank'ye, Master, thank'ye," returned Charlie. "Had a sick foal to doctor before I left home. Made me a bit late in getting off."

"I see you're riding the black again," ventured Squire Brandon, riding forward. "How you hold her I can't think."

"Don't always, do I, Master?" said Rush with a mischievous twinkle.

"Well, do so to-day for heaven's sake," rejoined the Master. "We're getting very short of hounds; sha'n't have enough to finish the season if you go laming any more of them."

Young Jones had pushed his way towards his friend, and now appeared at his off stirrup.

"Morning, Charlie," he said in a low voice, as he shook hands. "I've got something to tell you. Watch out to-day. There's a plot to wipe your eye. Some man from the Quorn country, brought down specially to do it. They're betting five to four he will, too."

Rush cast a quick glance over the throng in search of a likely stranger.

"D'you know who he is, Bert?" he asked.

"No. Haven't been able to spot him. There are too many strangers out to-day, but I think Springfield and the Squire know him."

"Righto! Thanks," returned his friend significantly, and rode off to look for Springfield.

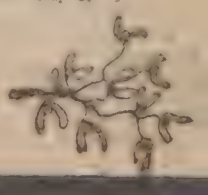
He found him side by side with an unknown sportsman in scarlet, both riders regarding him with interest.

"That's my trouble," Charlie decided, ranging alongside him as the huntsman's horn twanged once by way of notifying the field that he was going to throw off; and the three men rode slowly down the drive together.

The Quornite was looking his antagonist over very narrowly.

"That's a likely-looking mount you're riding, sir," he ventured.

"Well, I think her a fizzer," replied Rush cheerfully, "but you know more about these things than I do, very likely. Change saddles and try her if you like; I'll ride your mount," he added, eyeing the big upstanding bay that the Quornite rode, and thinking that he looked a bit of a "fizzer" too.



The Quornite declined the offer rather stiffly. He had heard all about the black mare and her pulling propensities. At the same time he thought Rush looked a workman and felt that he would have to ride all he knew to beat him.

* * * * * * *

Hounds were soon bustling a fox about the home spinneys, and it was speedily evident that there was a serving scent in covert. Bert Jones, with his intimate knowledge of the country and the run of its foxes, had gone off, directly hounds were put into the spinney.

With a look at the sky and an observation of the wind, he had rapidly decided that the fox must break on the northerly side of the park, and, if properly pressed, as scenting conditions augered he would be, would probably run down-wind as far as the River Ithon and then swing in a wide semi-circle sheltered by the fringe of the downs for the invariable point of all Grasston foxes, the main earth at Newdigate.

That would give them a twelve-mile gallop, though the point would be but five, and Bert knew that by keeping along the top of the wood behind the Manor and skirting the low range of hills to the left, he would keep the chase in view most of the way and be at Newdigate Gorse almost as soon as hounds.

Scrambling up through the brambles of the wood, he heard the view halloas of the yokels announcing that the fox had gone away. The wind bore the cry of hounds and the notes of the horn far from him; but, confident in his own mental prediction of the course of the run, he kept on his chosen line, and was rewarded, on reaching the open plough on the summit where the wood ended, by seeing the widely-scattered field making for the river and its bridges and fords.

The pack was already on the farther side and evidently going very fast; scent was as good in the open as it was in covert. He watched them through his field-glass for a few moments, then, satisfied that his best chance of seeing any more of the sport was to get on to Newdigate, he started at a collected run across the intervening country.

All sound and sight of the chase had long since vanished, but he kept doggedly on, skirting the ploughs, sprinting across the pastures, jumping the fences, rolling himself over the thorn-hedges, until he came out on the bare patch of grey-green grass-land that sloped down towards the far-famed Newdigate Gorse.

Here he was well to leeward of the hunt, supposing it to have gone as he had predicted that it would. But the world around him was silent; nor sign nor sound of the chase was to be perceived in any direction. A green lane led down from the summit of the low hill on his right to the far corner of the gorse. On the hither side was a series of enclosures, with stiff bullfinches, hairy hedges, and strong six-barred gates dividing them.

Suddenly he saw a slim, reddish-brown body moving from the direction of the lane towards the gorse. Going at leisure now, but bearing signs in his drooping brush, with its once white tag—darkened first by his swim in the Ithon and his twelve-mile run over plough and through muddy bottoms—of having had to race for his life, the fox secure of refuge in the open earths of Newdigate, almost seemed to grin with pleasure as he slunk swiftly by the waiting form of Bertie Jones, who marked his progress with the true sportsman's joy.

With a whisk of his dirty tag, the quarry vanished into the gorse, and simultaneously Bert heard the yap-yap of the hounds running hard in the enclosures beyond the green lane. They passed him in a flash, overtook the magpies still screaming on the track of the fox, and vanished with a louder clamour into Newdigate.

Bert sat tight and kept his eyes on the sky-line of a particularly hairy hedge. Over it, first, came his friend Rush on the black mare, topping it gallantly; and immediately, regardless of all consequences, the bay bore his rider, the Quornite, close in her tracks.

Bert ran to the green lane, which brought him parallel with the horsemen, and watched them jump into the next field over a formidable double. It was sound going, and the Quornite pushed his mount along, but he could not overtake Rush on the black. A six-barred gate was the jump out. Rush steadied the mare and came at it slow, topping the obstacle without touching, and landed safely in the pasture beyond.

Disdaining an easy place at the side, the gallant Quornite put his horse at the gate. But a swim in the Ithon, a gallop along the angular slope of the downs, a succession of hairy-topped hedges, had at length found the bottom of the crack horse of the shires. He rose at the gate, rapped the top bar with all four feet, and turned a complete somersault, flinging the Quornite far and wide into the seeds.

Charlie Rush heard the noise, looked complacently back over his shoulder at the catastrophe, and at the same time catching sight of his friend, exclaimed: "I thought that would stop the beggar!"

* * * * * * *

The huntsman appeared suddenly on Bert's right hand. The Master jumped into the field a moment later.

"Hullo, Jones!" he shouted. "How did you get here? I know you can run a bit, but this is a blooming miracle. Where's our fox?"

"Gone to ground, Master, five minutes ago," was the reply.

"Damn," said the Master; and the same word came from the lips of Captain Springfield and Squire Brandon, as one of them caught the Quornite's horse and the other put his flask to the victim's lips, while they eyed Charlie Rush pulling hard at the black mare's mouth in a luckily successful endeavour to prevent her from taking Newdigate Gorse in her stride.

GUESTS AT "SMOKERS."

A man often attends a smoking concert as the guest of another man. The reason may be that the guest is not one of the circle immediately concerned in the affair, and is not, therefore, liable to be asked to buy a ticket. Or it may be that his friend has asked him out of sheer good fellowship.

In any case a guest needs to use a little tact in the way in which he "makes free" of the privilege accorded to him. He should, for instance, give his host the first opportunity of paying for refreshments. He should not be for ever worrying all and sundry around him to have a drink, and he should be guided in the acquaintances he strikes up round the table largely by the line taken by his host.

Later in the evening he can do the honours and make a sufficient return for his host's kindness, but it is embarrassing for a host to find that he has brought with him a man who is "all over" everybody within the first ten minutes of the evening.

The art of the guest is as subtle indeed as the art of the host.

SIGNS OF DISTEMPER.

Though distemper in a dog sometimes simply shrieks its presence, it is not always easy to detect.

An evil-smelling pustular eruption on the belly and the inside of the thighs is one characteristic symptom of the disease. So, too, is a profuse discharge from the nose and eyes.

A dog, however, may have a bad attack of distemper and yet have neither of these symptoms; he may simply seem generally out of sorts, disinclined for exercise, and easily exhausted.

Here is where a clinical thermometer and knowledge how to use it are useful, for if the dog has a "temperature," he has probably got distemper, for fever marks the beginning of the disease and continues throughout it.

Thirst, sickness, eye trouble, husky cough, and rapid loss of flesh are other signs of distemper.

As to treatment, the best way, unless you can afford to give up a good deal of time, is to send your dog to a vet.

If you decide, however, to keep him at home, here are a few general tips.

Give very little water. On the other hand, give concentrated nourishment—yolk of egg and brandy, and essence of beef—but not milk—frequently.

A little raw meat chopped fine is also good, but only a small quantity should be given at a time.

When there are bronchial symptoms, five to ten drops of oil of eucalyptus with a little brandy may be given every eight hours.

Steam inhalations with eucalyptus, camphor, and turpentine are useful.

A dog with distemper generally suffers greatly from prostration. Alcohol is the best stimulant.

After distemper, a dog requires a course of malt and tonics.

TELLING THE TALE

A RACING YARN.

By HORACE J. SIMPSON.

Mr. "Chicken" Casey was a "head"—one of those astute and mysterious individuals who hang on to the fringe of the British Turf, and know more of the "form" of horses and the intentions of owners and trainers regarding them than those gentlemen themselves possibly could know.

He got most of his bread-and-cheese by means of that ancient, but dishonourable, racecourse institution known as "telling the tale," varied occasionally by a more or less prominent part in that equally hoary performance dubbed "finding the lady."

Young Bertram Spruce was dull enough to slave for his living behind the window of a railway booking-office. It was his first visit to Hurst Park, and he was such an obvious greenhorn in racing matters that the moment Mr. "Chicken" Casey spotted him in the "silver-tank" he marked him down as "a bit of fat."

"Excuse me, sir," he said; "but would you oblige me with the use of your pencil for just one moment?"

Mr. Casey's smile was very apologetic as he approached the "pie-can."

"Excuse me, sir," he said; "but would you oblige me with the use of your pencil for just one moment?"

"Certainly," said affable young Bertram Spruce.

Mr. "Chicken" Casey ostentatiously marked his card in several places, and casually observed that the next was "an extremely open race."

"So far as public form goes," he added *sotto voce*. "But, sir, you've obliged me, and one good turn deserves another. The Fleckton stable are sending two. Red Cloak is about favourite, and Safety Match is a rank outsider, with a stable-lad up. I don't know for the moment which they are on the job with, but I shall presently. I've a friend who works the commissions for the Fleckton people."

"All the papers are recommending Red Cloak," remarked Mr. Spruce innocently.

"Just so," agreed Mr. Casey. "But the papers aren't infallible, are they? Oh, excuse me a moment! There's my friend beckoning me from the other ring."

Mr. "Chicken" Casey hastened across to the dividing rails, and Spruce saw a smartly-dressed man lean over and whisper in the other's ear. Mr. Casey thereupon indulged in some excited nodding, and made a rapid entry in a pocket-book with Spruce's pencil before rushing back again.

"Safety Match is the goods," he whispered hoarsely. "The Fleckton mob fear nothing. My friend is putting a 'monkey' on for himself and a 'pony' for me. I'm not as rich as he," he explained. "I wish I were. Can my friend do anything for you, sir? He'd be most happy, and he'd get twice the odds in the big ring. A fiver, sir? It's really money for nothing. Quick! There's no time to lose, if you want to get a fair price. It's 'sixteens' now; it'll be 'sixes' before you can say 'smoke.' What do you say, sir?"

Mr. Spruce was fumbling in his vest pocket.

"Oh," he said, "I'll chance this."

Mr. Casey took the coin.

"A sovereign? I'd make it at least two, sir."

"No," said Spruce, firmly; "a quid's as much as I can afford."

"Very well," said Mr. Casey. "Wait here. I'll be back in a jiff."

Bertram Spruce waited. He distinctly saw his new friend hand the smartly-dressed gentleman his sovereign over the rails, and, true to his promise, Mr. Casey came back, and returned the borrowed pencil, with many apologies for keeping it so long.

Spruce turned to watch the "field" canter down to the post, and when he looked round again Mr. Casey had vanished, possibly to watch the race from the stand.

Now Mr. Bertram Spruce was a very unsophisticated young gentleman indeed, but when he heard a foghorn-voiced bookmaker offer twenty-to-one against Safety Match, with no takers, he told himself that he knew too much to let such an opportunity go begging.

So he rather timorously asked for ten pounds to half-a-sovereign, and Mr. Bookie chuckled gleefully as he told his clerk to book "Ten 'arves to a young toff—an' th' number is three-three-four. Mind yer don't lose it, sonny," he joked, as he handed Mr. Spruce a gaudily-printed ticket inscribed: "Barney Billings. The Old Firm. Pay first past the post."

"They're off!" yelled the crowd, and Bertram struggled to the stand with the rest.

"Safety Match!" screamed a bookmaker's clerk, with a pair of race-glasses glued to his eyes. "The bloomin' outsider has got away by himself! He'll roll home by th' length of a street!"

"Where's th' favourite? What's Red Cloak doing?" somebody asked him hoarsely.

"He's second," chuckled the clerk, "but he'll never catch th' outsider. Safety Match is pulling that stable-boy's arms off. Th' lad can't hold him."

"He'll come back to his horses," said a confident backer of the favourite. "Red Cloak will win."

"Will he?" Mr. Bertram Spruce asked the confident one. "I've got half a quid on him at home. He owes me a bit; so I thought I'd 'do' him before I came away, in case I got stalled-off down here."

"A good plan too," said the stranger. "You get all sorts of fancy tips on a racecourse, and if you are silly enough to back 'em, you generally have to watch your own selection 'walk home.' That's my experience anyway."

"I've backed the outsider as well," Mr. Spruce volunteered. "I happened to hear that the Fleckton stable fancied Safety Match."

"Then you're standing on velvet, young fellow," said the stranger enviously. "They'll be first and second. The rest aren't in the race. But Red Cloak wins! He's catching the other hand-over-fist!"

"The favourite!" yelled the supporters of Red Cloak.

"Safety Match!" roared the ring. They badly wanted the outsider to "get home." Most of them had hardly written the horse's name, whereas they would be badly hit by the victory of Red Cloak.

Mr. "Chicken" Casey turned to his friend, the supposed commissioner to the Fleckton stable, and mouthed an indignant oath.

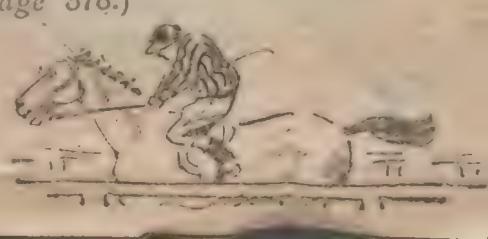
"I picked out the biggest 'stumer' in the race, and—strike me blue!—he comes home by himself!"

"We've made a quid over the deal anyway," his friend reminded him.

"But it gives us no chance to make another," snapped Mr. Casey. "I'd have squeezed two out of the 'pie-can,' if this had gone down. Now he'll want his winnings, and we shall have to do a bunk."

"Moses!" cried his friend. "See that, Chicken? That boy has lost control of his horse. He's boring the favourite

(*Continued on page* 378.)



GOOD CHEER AT THE FARM

Nor England did I know till then
What love I bore for thee. —WORDSWORTH.

Not even Sunday, bank holiday, or fair day brings to the farmer's household such an atmosphere of freedom as finds its way into the place on Christmas Day.

The farm hands, indeed, are a bit late in turning up.

The keynote of the farmer's day is "make yourself at home" and "take what you want." Long before the workmen have overcome their shyness about going to the big kitchen and drinking the compliments of the season all round, they are summoned from their work by the maid-servant, who has been sent out to tell them to hurry up, as "mistress wants ye all, at once."

They know what this means from past experience.

HEARTY FARE.

In the big kitchen, whose stone floor is partly covered with quaint rag rugs, there is a dazzling array of decanters, jugs, bottles, glasses, fruit, nuts, and huge cakes.

Here, George, and Ben, and Michael, and Walter the lad, and Jessie the maid, crowd in and are cheerily welcomed. Whatsoever among the bewildering array of refreshments takes their fancy they are welcome to.

Most of the men decide for ale or the best barrel of cider, for they know something about these things, and the many wines are unknown to them. There are many hearty healths drunk, and huge chunks of delicious home-made cake are handed round.

For half-an-hour they are busy, sitting about on benches and chairs, for the most part silently enjoying the sudden plenty, both liquid and solid. Surely the beer is better than ever when poured out in a frothing cataract from that shapely, handsome earthenware ewer!

SOMETHING FOR THE YOUNGSTERS.

Meanwhile their pockets are crammed with oranges, nuts, and all sorts of good things to be taken home for the little ones in the cottages.

And then a half-hour's work about the farm and the men clear off.

Within, the housewife and her staff are now hard at work getting ready for the great event of the day—the Christmas dinner. The turkey is one the farmer has reared, and many other things have come straight off the farm.

This event takes place about three in the afternoon, when the neighbouring farmers—whose turn it is to visit our friend this year—have had time to settle their home affairs and get dressed. All the morning the farmer is waiting in the heartiest and homeliest manner upon each as he arrives, while the women folk are taken into the spare rooms to take off hats and cloaks, and then join the farmer's wife, sitting round and gossiping as she puts the final touches to her own toilet after the laborious cooking.

YEOMEN OF ENGLAND.

Fortunate indeed is the guest at this feast. There is a groaning board, a dozen sturdy appetites, the hum of broad, racy conversation, and now and then one man takes the lead with a hunting reminiscence or a good joke at the expense of himself or another.

There is no hurry to leave the table, for dish succeeds dish without apparently diminishing the appetites.

Toasts are frequent, and little informal—perhaps awkwardly expressed, but nevertheless sincere—speeches and good wishes are spoken.

It is a picture of Old England in one of its most typical phases. In such circumstances as these one sees to the heart of a country's manhood and understands why an Englishman will fight for his homeland.

The shadows have fallen and the mists have risen without when the men get up and the last round is drunk. The room is dense with smoke, and a breath of the sharp frosty air is welcome.

More jollity will follow as the night advances.

HAROLD BELL.

MY NOTEBOOK.

THE BEST OF GOOD WISHES.

Elsewhere in this number we tender you, on behalf of our contributors, our staff, and all those responsible for the production of this paper, our Heartiest Wishes for a Merry Christmas; but in these, my own personal notes, I should like to repeat the old, old sentiment, and to grip you by the hand if it be only in imagination.

The merriest of merry Christmases to each and every one of you, my readers!

The feeling of personal friendship that exists between us is stronger than ever at a time like Christmas. That I am not forgotten by my readers is proved every Yuletide by the many kind greetings that load the mantelpiece of my office, and I can assure you that the warm feeling is reciprocated most heartily.

CHRISTMAS HAPPINESS.

Every Christmas it is my habit to make a certain appeal to my readers—namely, that they should endeavour to do a little bit extra in the way of kindness to someone whom they know to be in need of it.

Kindness is the very essence of the teaching of Him whose birth is celebrated by this festival, and a little bit of kindness done to someone else is the surest way of securing happiness for one's self.

I think it was Kipling who said:

"There are five-and-fifty ways
Of singing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right!"

There are still more ways of being kind, and undoubtedly every one of them answers the purpose.

The wealthy man who can dip his hand into his pocket and present a thousand pounds to a hospital, may derive no more satisfaction from his gift than does the poor man who gives sixpence to a grubby-faced urchin, and thereby makes that youngster's Christmas a merry and a memorable one.

The giving of gifts at Christmas, though a pretty custom, is not an essential part of kindness. A bit of praise to someone who is in need of it, may give as much comfort and pleasure as a costly present.

Kindness need not cost anything. It rests simply in making other people happy, and the happiness comes back to its giver multiplied tenfold.

There are some people in the world whom one does not like, but it takes all sorts of people to make a world. Let me suggest a little tolerance to those with whom we disagree, a cheery word to everybody, and a bit of practical kindness to someone who does not expect it, and our Christmas will, indeed, be a merry one.

CHRISTMAS AND THE PLACE.

It does not seem to matter very much where circumstances may place one at Christmas time, for the jovial spirit of Yule is sure to be present.

I have spent Christmas in London, and have seen how, even in the poorest quarters of a great city, people with one accord do their best to put on bright faces and to forget every care for the time being.

The greatest Christmas thrill is, perhaps, felt at a big London terminus on Christmas Eve, especially if you are one of those who are setting out on a long journey.

Passengers are the same as usual; there are confident and seasoned travellers, and ladies who lose their tickets and who absolutely refuse to believe the information given to them by the railway officials relative to their trains; but at Christmas time, though the rush is trying, railway officials never lose their temper, nor do I think could anybody else at this season of the year.

Town, however, interesting as it may be, is not to my mind the ideal place for Christmas.

Commend me, then, of all times, to the country. Out there, whether you be one of a big country-house party, or a guest in a humble cottage, you feel the spirit of Christmas in its intensity, for you and all your friends are shut off from the rest of the world, and the good feeling of Christmas makes you get to know one another better than you ever did before.

A Merry Christmas to all of you!

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

DICKY DACKER

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

The bill outside the tarred hoardings announced that on the morrow the City and Suburban Coursing Club would hold a meeting, the first couple to be slipped at 11 a.m. precisely.

The stranger looked in at the open gate, and it was the minion of the City and Suburban Coursing Club who, from the wire netting run wherein were kept the bagged hares, called to him and asked for the most effective inanimate introducer of mankind—a match.

"Like to look at the 'ares, sir?" he said. "But this is a poor lot here. Don't suppose I'll see many of 'em back to-morrow night to be 'eld over, because of the economisin' of little Shopwalker Brown, until we have the shipment from Leaden'all Market for the next meeting. An' it's a good job, too, 'cause it gives ye no time to get friendly with 'em—and that's a thing no official keeper of 'ares to be coursed to-morrow should be.

"I wasn't always on this game, sir. It's a bit of a come-down to me to be a fetch-an'-carry an' touch-me-hat man to a collection o' Cockney sportsmen—not but what there are some not-so-dusty chaps even in this collection o' dog-fanciers. Yes, 'dog-fanciers' tickets 'em all right. Where I come from you wouldn't by comparison compliment 'em to the extent of calling em' greyhound trainers or coursin' sportsmen.

"Look over there. You see we're enclosed in all the way round, a 'are beatin' the dogs don't get another chance in life, nor the 'ope 'e 'as well earned to start afresh in the pretty if (to 'im) foreign country, immediately south o' this between 'ere and Dorking. All 'e does is get sang-chewry for the day in ground traps t'other side, where the beer-barrels on four splints that they call greyhounds 'ere ain't got no chance o' gettin' through if they sniff till they're pink round the eyelids.

"'Pear to be a fule's business to you, I daresay, sir, but it's little Shopwalker Brown 'oo saw that it was cheaper to invest in the traps 'cause, given a good quality consignment o' pussies, then these four-ale firkins I was tellin' you about don't kill one in three. But, all the same, it's a big day out for the club, an' the young fellers bring their mawthers—I don't mean mothers by that, sir—their sweet-'earts.

"Yes. You're right. That expression allus gives me away. I've got sort o' cosmopolitan in my talk, but the old brogue will drop out now an' then. I'm Norfolk right enough. Born just on the outer fringe o' Lord Suffield's Gunton Park Estate, and when I tell you that my idea o' coursin' as a sport is taken from the Benvere Gold Cup Meetin', an' the small, but classy gatherin's round North Walsham, Swaffield, Bradfield, Dereham, an' so on, you'll tumble why I'm a little bit of a criticiser of what I suppose ain't so bad for London.

"I know the breed of Norfolk 'are well enough. The practised eye can see they're built to suit the country. Sometimes we get a few packets o' them sent down an', well, they are the times when I'm sorry I'm 'ere.

"Funny 'ow I recognised an old pal among a mixed collection we had sent down last season.

"'E 'ad a distinguishin' mark, y'know. Soon as 'e bolted out o' the 'amper into this 'ere contraption I knew 'im.

"Why, that's Dicky Dacker, I ses.

"An' 'e pricks up 'is 'ears—one 'ear—an' lifts the other as much as 'e could. It was a 'arf lop, 'cause 'e'd been shot as a leveret by my Squire Bandler's son, 'oo was genuinely sorry, 'avin', it bein' 'is first day out, peppered 'im. An' 'e was only a baby, very small, littered late, I reckon, in the breedin' season, 'cause 'e grew big enough at the finish.

"Bein' a pal o' the farm bailiff's, I was privileged to go out with the guns that day.

"I was with the young Squire, and I picked Dicky up meself. 'E 'ad a bit of 'is ear, size of a 'arf diamond, shot away, an' 'e'd been slightly peppered—it was a long-range, badly-placed shot—along the back. I was allus fond o' animals, specially o' that breed. I 'ad a Belgian in a box at 'ome wot got a second in open competition in Norwich Show, an' you'll 'scuse me a-sayin' that I knew a bit about such things.

"I found there was still plenty o' kick in 'im, took 'im 'ome, an' did the surgical operation o' extractin' a couple o' shot. Then I bungs 'im into an old chicken run with plenty of 'ay an' some cabbage leaves, an' allows 'im to devote 'is energies to the task o' gettin' better.

"In the meantime the boy George, one o' my young brothers, gives 'im a name an' finally 'e recovers, nothin' the worse, except for the bit out of 'is ear and a streak o' white fur where it didn't ought to be along 'is back.

"I kept 'im until the spring, an' 'e used to feed out o' my 'and, an' the boy George's 'and. But, come March, 'e starts a-sniffin' about the wire nettin', an' bolting about, an' kickin', an' a-larrupin' generally, an' foliowin' it all by mopin' in the corner till George (that was the youngest of a family o' twelve) says, 'I reckon as Dicky Dacker wants to be gettin' away. It's the spring, an' it's a-singin' out to 'im.'

("Dam' my rags, but that boy was a caution. 'E knew suffin' 'e did!)

"So one moonlight night I opens the run door; out 'e comes, careful at first, sniffin' around, seemin'ly awaitin' for the office to go.

"'It's all right,' young George whispers to me, 'e's only 'angin' on for the call—an' look—'e's got it.'

"Dicky Dacker 'ad the one ear pricked an' 'e was sittin' up on 'is 'ind legs like a beggin' fox-terrier, 'is big eyes was fair startin' out of 'is 'ead. Presently 'e fetches a kick like a bullet ricochetting in the dust, an'—there war'n't no more Dicky Dacker! 'E was off over the plough. We lost 'im till 'e topped the rise in the 'ill, an' then 'e gives a sort o' land-surveyin' 'op bang against the moon—an' that was the last we see of 'im. Next minute I 'ad to cuff the boy George's 'ead for a-blarin' an' a-snivellin', like as if 'e adn't come of a sportin' family wot 'ad snared 'ares since Gunton was Gunton."

The keeper of the City and Suburban Coursing Club's ground puffed ineffectually at his cold clay.

"So you can understand, sir," he went on, "'ow surprised I was when I sees Dicky Dacker 'oo 'ad evidently been netted with others by some low down poachin' gamekeeper somewhere in my county, and sent to the Jew firm in Leaden'all Market as one of so much a dozen, flop into this abandon-'ope-all-ye-'oo-enter-'ere place.

"'That's a funny marked 'un,' says the Sec., 'oo, doubtin' the honesty of everyone, on principle, was watchin' the unloadin' of the consignment from the railway cart.

"So I 'as to count poor Dicky Dacker in as one, an' when all 'ad been told I says, 'O.K. Sign, please.'

"An' search as 'e might, Shopwalker Brown couldn't find a grin on me counting-house.

"'Well,' ses I to Dicky Dacker, when at last we were alone. 'Anged if you 'aven't come to a pretty pass for a respectable 'are off Lord Suffield's Estate. Don't know, I'm sure, what I'm to do with you this time. If I pinches yer I shall get the sack, an' then you'll be in a pretty bad muck-up again, 'cause I'll 'ave to knock you on the 'ead to get somethin' for dinner when my week's pay in lieu of notice 'as come to an end. Besides, you must be getting a bit up in the tooth now, an' possibly one o' these 'ere casks of old ale 'll be able to waddle after ye quick enough to out ye. Poor Dicky Dacker!' I ses.

"Now, bein' always anxious to show satisfactory sport to my noble patrons, I was in the 'abit of givin' plenty o' grub to all the poor pussies wot would eat it. Inside a week a lot of 'em start to get quite tame if you don't dowse 'em off as I do on principle, 'cause I'm soft-'arted over animals, an', as my father says, a disgrace to the family, thinkin' that bunnies and 'ares are made for other things than catchin' by the leg in an iron-tooth rat-trap. (I always stood out for shootin' 'em like gentlemen—an' that don't work in with the professional methods o' the family that 'as now disowned me.) But, fearin' it might affect 'is speed, I did not unduly stuff poor Dacker. Yet

you can take it from me he knew me and came to my 'and just as in the old days.

"The night afore the meetin' for which them 'ares 'ad bin bought, I'll admit I looked at poor old Dicky an' thought 'Well, ta-ta, old sportsman,' but at the same time I noted that even if 'e'd 'ardly 'ave eaten tender jugged, yet 'is muscle bold an' sinew tough would be of great use to 'im while 'e remained out of the cook's 'ands, an' though I could never trust my brain-box for common-sense, I would bet on it for schemin', I felt that while Dicky Dacker 'ad 'is life there was 'ope.

"But when the bagman comes an' selects 'im among others for the principal event, I thinks it's all up with 'im, as the grey'ounds in that could go about as quick as an average fox-terrier, an' that might beat an aged puss like Dicky.

"Well, off 'e goes, an' a couple o' dogs is slipped after 'im. But 'e ran like a streak o' lightnin' an', never bein' as much as turned, 'e reaches Sangchewry in safety after a little peakin' about.

"Yet, even though 'e danced 'em, my 'art was in me boots all that agonisin' minute, an' that night, after I was re-stockin' this 'ere run from the traps with those that 'ad beat the dogs, I was somethin' pleased over it, an' yet Dicky 'adn't been through any sort o' trial, both the dogs bein' unfancied by their respective owners.

"Shopwalker Brown duly counts 'im on as per 'is 'orribly businesslike method, an' it was 'is rule that deficiencies in the stock 'ad to be balanced up by produced corpses.

"It was a two days' meetin', an' next day before the principal event, though I'd obscured 'im be'ind a empty lemonade box, the Sec. comes up just as the final was goin' to be run off an' ses 'Get out that 'are with the white on 'is back. 'E'll be a tester for 'em.

"So out poor Dicky Dacker 'as to come again, an' I 'ad cause, when in the first 'undred yards 'e ran like a cab 'orse, to thank 'eaven that our dogs was of the troubled-with-the-slows description.

"Then, sir, 'e got a move on 'im. The favourite dashes after 'im an' turns 'im once, all but 'avin 'is skin; then 'is opponent, circlin' round on the outside, shoots 'im off in another direction, joinin' in a neck an' neck race with the favourite. When they was at the top o' their speed, Dicky tumbles over for swank, practically speakin' winks at 'em as they ran past 'emselves, an' makes for shelter, amid the applause an' the laughter of the onlookers.

"'Mr. Brown, sir,' I ses that night, not bein' able to bear it any longer, 'this 'ere 'are is a pal o' mine. I'd like to buy 'im off the club.'

"'Very well,' ses Shopwalker, 'you can 'ave 'im—for a fiver, 'cause that represents the sport 'e's worth to us. Did you 'ear the public jeerin' to-day?' 'e goes on. 'Well, that's got to be wiped out. They're sayin' nasty things about our dogs, an' they'll reckernise that 'are again. Now, look 'ere, my man,' 'e ses, 'that 'are 'as to be preserved for our big event, the final for the silver cup.' ('Tain't silver, it's electro.) 'So if you 'appen by any sort of alleged accident to lose 'im,' 'e ses, 'you're on the sack as sure as your name's what it is. Nice sort o' chap *you* are for ground-keeper to a coursing club.'

"Now, I must tell you that part of my duties is to stand be'ind the traps at the meetin's an' see that all 'ares that get away are securely boxed.

"In off times it is another part o' my duty to see that those traps are all kiff, an' after that little conversation with the Sec. that night I went around those traps tappin' 'ere an' there to see all weather boards on the outer side wot the people who don't believe in payin' look through, were in order.

"On my rounds I 'appened to notice bang behind the centre trap that there was one board loose. I calls the Sec.'s attention an' 'e tries it.

"'I'll bring you down a penn'orth of nails,' 'e said, 'from our ironmongery department. Chargin' you tuppence down the village for a lot like you bought last time was a robbery, I reckon, or else you were tryin' to make money out o' the club.'

"I pockets that. I knew that I was dealin' with the vulgar commercial mind.

"But the Sec. didn't bring those nails down the next day, nor the next. Reckon 'e 'adn't no tick in his ironmongery department.

"An' on the third evenin' it 'appen'd to be my fancy, sir—merely a passin' whim—to get out Dicky Dacker, an' 'e bein' as tame as a pet guinea pig with me, I tried, just for parstime—merely for parstime—to see whether 'e'd come to that particular box when I called out 'Dicky, Dicky,' soft and low.

"In a little while he tumbled it, an' came like a whippet runnin' to a rag.

"'All that is required now, I thought to myself, is one thing.'

"But there was two, as a matter o' fact, on matoor consideration, sir, and one o' those was gettin' clear o' the dogs. What the other was you'll 'ear. I 'ad enough to worry about the first thing to go on with.

"Now, the cup is open to grey'ounds from all England, an' sometimes we get some sent from as far away as the other side of London for the honour o' winning the inferior quality tinpot.

"Some very good class dogs turned up the next day—nothin' of the beer barrel about *them*, an' I thinks 'Dicky, my boy, this *is* ta-ta.'"

At the recollection of the harrowing circumstance the man unworthy of his family broke his clay on his boot as he knocked out the half-smoked tobacco.

"The second thing I wanted I got. It blew 'eaven's 'ard, sir, that day.

"Well they came for poor Dicky Dacker when the final was to be run off.

"'The 'are with the clipped ear an' the marked back,' said the Sec.

"An' viewin' it all from the other side o' the course, I sees poor Dicky Dacker hop off, an' straight as a die, comes those dam' visitin' grey'ounds arter 'im—no fluke 'ad let one of *our* dogs into it, you can bet.

"'Dicky, Dicky,' I keeps callin' all the time, and the words were fair wrung out of me when they turned the poor little chap again and again. 'Dicky, Dicky,'—an' yet it seemed as 'e skirted all about on the turn that 'e'd never live to catch my call.

"At last a shout from the crowd said the fav'rite 'ad got 'im—but no; 'e'd made a 'airbreadth miss an' tumbled right over, while the outsider 'eaded 'im straight for me. . . . Turned again, an' the sweat was pourin' off me. An' now I was shoutin' safe in the yells of the crowd and the whistlin' gale, 'Dicky, Dicky! Dicky Dacker, boy!'

"Poor little devil, 'e makes one dive, an' beatin' the dog a superb three yards, 'e jumps through the trap into my arms!

"Quick as thought I aids the thin board that was flappin' and creakin' be'ind me. I pulls the rope I had attached to it, an', chuckin' Dicky down, out 'e bolts for the open. I see 'im race over the 'eather as 'e gets 'is second wind.

"'Sorry, sir,' I ses to Shopwalker Brown, 'but you forgot to bring them nails, an' just at the critical moment open blows the board, an' off 'e goes.'

"But I could 'ardly get the words out, 'cause I was thinkin' of the sky 'op that Dicky Dacker did, as I waved 'im farewell—'avin' to pray that of all the people in the wide, wide world, *I* might never see 'im again."

HOW FOOTBALLERS KICK.

You can generally tell from the way a man kicks a ball, or even shapes at it, whether he is any good as a player or not, for the correct action in kicking is by no means the primarily natural one.

It is lengthy odds that the first time you ever booted a ball you did it with your toe, and at the same time it is more likely than not that it went in any direction but the one you wanted it to take. If you kick a round ball with your toe it almost always glances off, unless the ball is absolutely stationary.

The proper way to kick is with a downward sweep of the leg so as to take the ball with the part of the foot composed of the top of the toes and the lower part of the instep. In this way you can get more direction into your shot.

A great many players, however, find that this has a tendency to make them loft the ball too much, because they can't get down to it properly; so that a good many prefer to give the ball a tap on the top and take it with the instep when just on the bounce. These are, however, generally rather super-clever players whose game is apt to degenerate into piffling.

A good way of place-kicking is to run up to the ball and take it with the inside of the boot just below the ankle.

CHRISTMAS UNDER ARMS

FRANK SCUDAMORE, THE CELEBRATED WAR CORRESPONDENT, DESCRIBES SOME MEMORABLE YULETIDES.

Few of my Christmastides spent in camps have been otherwise than pleasant; yet once I may record whose bitter dreariness and depressing gloom still haunts me now and again in sombre hours.

It was towards the close of the Turco-Russian War of 1877. After being turned out of Plevna (just before its fall) by Ghazi Osman Pasha, I had passed through a dismal succession of retreats with one Turkish force and another — Suleiman Pasha's, Mehemet Ali Pasha's, Valentine Baker Pasha's—and near Christmas-time found myself at Adrianople, where I took up my quarters with my friend Dr. McIvor, who was in charge of the Kishla Hospital—a huge converted barracks, situated about three miles outside the town.

We were the only Englishmen in the Kishla, and McIvor had his hands more than full, for in those days native assistance was worse than useless, and the immense number of sick and wounded who poured in on us from different fighting grounds reached us always in deplorable condition.

A GRIM CHRISTMAS EVE.

Many had lain for days on the field, and then had for days further been jolted on bullock wagons; and for days again had been trundled on slow trains to Adrianople, without ever having had their wounds tended or their clothing removed from the time when they were struck down. Our losses in "cases" was appalling; in operation cases, indeed, we estimated that we had under four per cent. of recoveries.

All Christmas Eve I spent in aiding Dr. McIvor as best I could—holding patients for minor operations, for chloroform was scarce, administering the anæsthetic while he plied the knife and saw where a limb was to be removed, and cheering as best I might (Turkish being one of my fluent languages) the poor fellows who felt themselves doomed.

THE NIGHT THAT FOLLOWED.

Nearly all the night I passed sitting on the bed of a splendid old artilleryman whose leg we had that day amputated above the knee. Lockjaw had set in before he would consent to the operation, but I had persuaded him that it was a last chance, though a most remote one, and he had begged me to stay by him. So that night I sat on his bed in an immensely long ward, very dimly lighted. The silence, punctuated by occasional groans and gasps and mutterings from other beds, was occasionally broken by the stealthy approach of the ward sergeant, followed by a stretcher party with a corpse. As he neared me he would announce in a creaking whisper that No. 7 or Number 154 had "gone," and so pass on with his convoy to the mortuary. Meanwhile my poor friend was rapidly failing. The tetanus had got full hold of him, and in the terrible spasms that racked him the stump of his leg sought to bang up and down violently like a broken propeller shaft. It needed all my strength to hold it down.

SHOOTING THE WOLVES.

We buried him (and many others, alas!) before dawn, and all Christmas morning, while our luckier friends at home were singing glad hymns preparatory to their turkey and plum-pudding, McIvor and I stood in the great stone gateway of the Kishla with our Winchester rifles shooting the wolves and hyenas who sought to dig up our dead in the crowded cemetery some eighty yards distant.

But these are not the right Christmas recollections to evoke. Let me turn rather to the delightful jollifications I have enjoyed when in standing camp with British troops at "the front."

I had a Christmas in the Sudan which is one of my brightest recollections. It was, indeed, the only Christmastide I ever spent in the Sudan; albeit, I have been through seven different campaigns in that wild country; but I am pleased and proud to think that it is only one among a goodly number that I have enjoyed in the company of British troops in the field—in Crete, in South Africa (though there I was in hospital), and in other lands when we have been called upon to fight for the Empire.

We were in standing camp at the time, though we were to advance almost immediately, and the enemy was behaving very decently, so that we were able to make such preparations as were possible with easy minds.

The camp was a kind of township, with streets marked out, and, of course, directions indicated by signboards. Moreover, certain huts and E. P. tents were adorned with such announcements as "The Old Grumblers' Retreat," "The Hooligans' Home," "Pianos Tuned While you Wait," and other facetious notices; and in the middle of the camp was our theatre, with a raised stage and coloured lanterns, and even scenery. The auditorium was, of course, the sand, on which squatted the spectators, our Highlanders wriggling, maybe, in view of potential scorpions which infested the place.

Everywhere attempts had been made at decoration, even the red saddles in the camel lines showing sprigs of mimosa in honour of the occasion, and everywhere also there reigned supreme that spirit of genuine kindliness and hearty good-fellowship—that desire on all hands to be "nice" and helpful that I have always found to permeate all components of a British force at "the front" either when times are bad or disease is rampant, and especially when some great trial such as a big and desperate fight is impending; and that it was Christmas naturally did but increase, if possible, this true brotherliness.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

We were fortunate; I remember, for our posts were rare and irregular, and when soon after reveillé word went round the camp that a mail had arrived, everyone's heart beat quicker. Not everyone, of course, got his looked-for home letter; but I noted quite often how a lucky recipient lolling against a palm tree, his helmet on wrong side before, his pipe upside down, after reading with shining eyes and glowing cheeks *the* letter he wanted, would turn to a less fortunate companion with: "What, got nothing, old chum? It's a shame. 'Ere, have a read of mine!" And the pal would; and gain comfort from the knowledge that he, too, was being thought of just as tenderly.

Of course, there was Church Parade; and I think that every man who could—regardless of denomination—managed to get across to where Father Brindle (that finest and best-beloved of Army chaplains) was to speak his few brave sentences to all who cared to hear.

FEASTING.

And then, of course, there was the dinner. The menu naturally, was restricted. There were no turkeys, and the "real" beef was, if anything, less palatable than our old familiar "bully" and "Fanny Adams"; but there was plum-pudding in abundance, and all such dainties as the dry canteen and the ubiquitous Greek suttlers had been able to bring up the river.

A football match and an inter-regimental boxing competition filled the afternoon, and after tea came the "sing-song," the great event of the day. Great bonfires glared on the parade ground, where it was held—bonfires lit for illumination rather than for warmth—albeit the night struck chill after the intense heat of the day; and the men of all arms sat in a huge horseshoe formation facing the Commander-in-Chief, on either side of whose chair (there were several chairs, and even some camp stools for exalted brass hats) were grouped some hundreds of officers. A small wooden platform in the centre of the horseshoe was for performers.

It was a grand evening. We had a jig and a sword-dance, a knockabout duet, some recitations, a cornet solo, and the songs! Oh, the songs! Rollicking, sentimental. Tommy loves sentiment, but always with a chorus in which every one joins, and even the C.-in-C. beats time with his cane. Some of those choruses I recall—they were favourites and came out at every smoker during the campaign. One ran:

"Cerulia was beautiful, Cerulia was fair;
She lived with her grandma in Lei-ces-ter Square.

Once she was my Hunkydoodleums, but now, alas, she
Plays kissy-kissy with an officer in the artilleree."

Then there was another, which described how:

"She was masticating pickles in the moonlight,
When first I met my heart's fond dream."

And ended in a scream of

"But I kiss her when her face is clean."

We had even a number specially written for the occasion by a very distinguished officer who is still serving. This was apropos of the Camel Corps, then a novelty to most of us, and had a chorus that ran:

"Oh, I've rode on horse, I've rode on a 'bus,
I've rode in a railway train;
I've rowed in a pub, I've rowed a boat,
And I hope to ride again;

But I'm riding now an animile I've never seen before,
Equipped in spurs and pantaloons, a member of the Camel Corps."

These, and many more: all welcomed with generous enthusiasm and heartiest applause,-until at length the fires burned down, and the C.-in-C., rising, dismissed us all with a few brief and kindly, yet earnest, phrases.

And so back all to our quarters, where soon the immense silence of the desert fell swiftly on the sweet pathetic notes of the Last Post, the last words exchanged between friends as we snuggled under our blankets in the open being such as:

"Well, night-night. Good luck, old man, over the 'show' (the impending battle)."

"Good luck. Night-night!"

Frank Scudamore.

GOOD NEWS!

We hear on the most unimpeachable authority:

That Mr. Hall Caine has contracted to write an article about himself in the "Daily Telegraph" in the near future.

* * *

That there has been an unprecedented rush of immigrants to Nebraska in consequence of the discovery of an apparently inexhaustible Beer Spring. Sir Thomas Whittaker announces that he is proceeding thither without delay.

* * *

That Mr. Keir Hardie has been persuaded by Mr. Ben Tillett to allow King George to remain on the Throne.

* * *

That the energies of the Government will be devoted next session to the passing of a Bill providing a pension of £200 a year to voters.

* * *

That the "Daily Mail" has made elaborate arrangements for a repetition next year of the glorious weather of 1911.

* * *

That Mr. George Bernard Shaw has advertised his willingness to share his income with any person who can show that he possesses an equal right to it.

* * *

That Mr. Eustace Miles will eat a beefsteak on Christmas Day.

* * *

That the gang of Continental thieves whose speciality is the purloining of municipal statues is now understood to be contemplating operations in London.

* * *

That there is no foundation for the rumour that Mr. Pelissier has signified his intention of giving up his Follies.

* * *

That Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been engaged by Mr. George Edwardes to play the leading rôle in the forthcoming production of "The French Widower" at the Gaiety.

* * *

That the Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane this year will be "The Forty Thieves," written by Mr. Lloyd George in collaboration with thirty-nine other members of the Government.

* * *

That Miss Marie Corelli is engaged upon a new novel, to be entitled "How Long, O Lord, How Long?"

* * *

That the Unionists in Ireland are declaring their confidence that the Land of Erin will not catch a cold so long as it has its Ulster.

F. A. Best.

IN HIGH PLACES.

SOME OF THE PENALTIES OF SUCCESS.

Fame brings with her some obvious penalties in the shape of interviewers, autograph hunters, begging-letter writers, and the like.

Fame also has her penalties not so well understood. Success often means that a man has to work harder than ever before. While unknown, he had everything to gain, nothing to lose, but the higher he climbs, the greater the fall if he slips.

A Paderewski or a Kubelik practises harder than many a struggling musical student; the champion athlete dare not play the fool with himself, and if he fail loud is the outcry.

It is a fact that successful actors often suffer far more acutely from nervousness on first nights than ever they did as beginners.

There are, however, flies in the amber of success which are less apparent.

THE CAPTAIN'S ISOLATION.

For example, when a naval officer becomes a captain, or, as naval men call him, the "owner" of a battleship, he wins a great position at the expense of human companionship, for naval etiquette requires him to take all his meals in his own cabin, and at all times he must stand aloof from his subordinates.

Of course, he may invite officers to lunch or dine with him, but often a sensitive man hates to do this, for such an invitation amounts to an order, and may not be refused, except in case of illness, or something like that.

Medical degrees vary in value, but by common consent the highest medical and surgical degrees in this country are the respective Fellowships of the Royal College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons.

The F.R.C.P., however, may find his distinction anything but a blessing, supposing he fails to establish himself as a specialist, and has to be content with a suburban or country practice. Why?

Simply because the etiquette of the medical profession forbids the F.R.C.P. to attend midwifery cases or to dispense his own medicines.

RESTRICTIONS OF SP CIALISTS.

Then the medical man who sets up as a specialist has to pay various forfeits.

First, however, what constitutes a medical specialist? Any new-fledged doctor may take a house in or about Harley Street, and profess to specialise in certain diseases, but he won't be recognised by the profession as a specialist.

The medical definition of a specialist is one who practises in the West End of London, and holds, or has held, a hospital appointment as a specialist in a particular line.

The general practitioner gets his patients in the first instance either by buying a practice or by waiting till luck or chance sends them to him, and afterwards he relies on the recommendations of his patients to increase his practice.

The specialist is dependent for patients on the good will and good opinion of other doctors.

Strictly speaking, a specialist will not see a patient unless introduced by his (the patient's) regular medical attendant.

QUALIFICATIONS NOT ANNOUNCED.

Doctors, of course, are not allowed to advertise, but they may announce their profession by a red lamp, and enumerate their qualifications on their door-plates.

The specialist, however, is "above" the red lamp, and if he has a door-plate at all, it merely says "Dr. Blank," or, if he is not a physician, but a surgeon, oculist, or dentist, "Mr. Dash."

In short, the professional idea is that a specialist should be accessible only through another medical man.

Finally, while the ordinary doctor may charge as little as he likes—there was the "Threepenny Doctor's" wedding in the East End the other day—a specialist must not charge less than one guinea for a consultation or visit.

The barrister who changes his stuff gown for the silk one of a King's Counsel, may be exchanging an income of thousands a year for one of as many hundreds.

As a King's Counsel he may not appear against the Crown in a criminal or any other case except by "special dispensation," and on payment of a fine to his Bar Mess.

Further, he must always have a junior with him, and all this means high fees which clients may not be willing to pay.

A. Eley.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE EXPIATION OF SELBY

By ADAM STERN.

An old man and a girl were trudging along the high road between the villages of Cookson and Woolveley.

It was an hour after sunset. The mantle of night had already been flung over the sky.

Snow was falling. It came down in a drifting powder, which whitened the road and fields without hiding the dark earth beneath. It rested on the eyelashes and hair of the girl and on the grizzled beard of the man, both of whose faces were blue and red with the cold. It penetrated with the wind through various apertures in their insufficient clothing.

The old man did not walk with the enfeebled gait of the aged. He was short and square-shouldered, with a thick-set body, and he trudged along with his eyes on the ground and his hands thrust deep in the side-pockets of his coat. There was something in his appearance which suggested a stubborn indifference to the inclemencies of the weather—and perhaps to the inclemencies of life. He and the girl had not spoken for a considerable time.

She was young and thin, with a pinched, care-marked face. She had a shawl round her shoulders, in which she had wrapped her arms. Her motions were automatic, her gaze lifeless.

"Ay, feyther," she said at last, "how much further will it be?"

"Five miles, lass. We shall soon be there, now."

"Do ye think we shall? I be pretty near done up. Are ye sure we'll find friends in Moulden? They'll mayhap have forgotten all about ye, or there'll be many of 'em dead. How many years did ye say it was since ye was there?"

"Eight, nigh on. Yo'd be but a bit of a kid when we left. They won't be dead—don't yo' make no error. Chainmakers o' the Black Country don't die easy. Else I'd ha' been dead long afore this."

There was a peculiar difference in their accents, the man having the broad sing-song of the Black Countryman (recognisable anywhere by one who has once been familiar with it), and the girl using the listless, querulous monotony of the road.

"If ye find no friends there," she went on, having only partly heard him, "it'll mean we shall have to go to the 'spike' (workhouse) again, and that'll about break my 'eart. The 'spike' on Christmas Day! It's horrible, feyther—when ye think of what other folk enjoy. And they never say a thankye for it—taking all as it comes—while poor folk like us——"

She checked her complaint with a sob.

"It's rough, lass," said her father, after a prolonged pause. "It's main rough on ye."

"And on ye too, feyther. Ain't ye tired o' this wandering-about life? A little bit o' work here and a bit o' work there, but never anything regular—and nothing to do when winter comes on."

"It's main rough," he repeated, and sighed and was silent. "There's iron in me soul, lass, or maybe I'd feel it more'n I do. After all, a life's only a life, and it don't seem to matter much how it be spent. . . . Not as yo' must look at things like that," he added, turning to her. "There's plenty o' happiness in store for yo', my gal. Plenty of it."

But the assurance failed to bring any hopefulness to her face. Again they relapsed into silence.

A full moon was up, and the powdery drift of snow had now thickened to heavy flakes. The steady, stinging wind pressed hard against their faces, numbing both spirit and body.

He looked at his companion as her steps palpably faltered. She was crying. Her eyes were so blinded with tears that she could not keep a straight course. Her feet dragged, unwillingly one after the other. She reminded him, with a pang of pain that was physical, of her childhood days, when she was helpless and dependent.

"Don't take on so, lass," he pleaded. "'Twon't do no good. It's hard for me to see thee so."

"On Christmas night an' all," she sobbed, unheeding. "'Tain't fair, feyther. Life ain't fair to us. . . ."

A sound of singing reached them. They had reached a spot where, on one side, the leafless hedge rose up high and thick, and through the hedge they could see the sharp black outline of a large barn, with the door shut, and yellow shafts of light streaming out from the two big windows.

A carol was being sung. Men and women's voices blended together harmoniously. The note was the true one of Yuletide sentiment:

"Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even."

The door was suddenly opened, and the full burst of melody came forth:

"Bright shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
And an old man came in sight,
Gathering winter fu-u-el."

The man and his daughter had both stopped to listen. A man's voice said: "It's snowing like billyho!" The carol was resumed. The man still stood at the open door, and it seemed that he saw the wayfarers, for he closed it behind him, and came down to the hedge and peered through.

"Hullo!" he said. "Merry Christmas to you!"

"Merry Christmas!" they answered.

"Where ye bound?"

"Moulden—if us can get there. It's a rough night, though. We've bin on the go since early morning." It was the old man who spoke.

"You'd better come in here first, friends, and partake of a bite and sup. There's good fare for everybody. It's open house—and free! Come along in by the gate up the road."

"Who might yo' be?" inquired the old man, with the Black Countryman's blunt inquisitiveness.

"Oh, me!" laughed the other, doubling with merriment. "I'm nobody. Been on tramp, like yourself. Just stopping here for a night or two."

There was an exchange of glances between the girl and the old man, as though each should say, "Here is our good fairy disguised!" And the old man's countenance relaxed, the stubborn expression softening away marvellously; and the girl's eyes lit up—in a moment she became child-like in her eager expectancy. She let out a soft laugh, and the man behind the hedge chuckled and slapped his thigh.

"Get a move on," he urged. "There's turkey and roast beef, and crackers, and Chinese lanterns! And a real cook, with a brand new up-to-date cooking stove. And plum-duff and mince-pieces——"

"Get on with yer!" laughed the old Black Countryman.

"You wait till you *see!*" said the man, and he urged them up the road with an energetically gesturing arm.

They obeyed incredulously, though secretly of the belief that now, if at any season, miracles and wonders were possible.

The stranger stood awaiting them, and with a flourish bowed low, and then threw back the door.

"Entrez!" he cried.

He was an odd mountebank fellow, with a mop of ginger hair and a merry freckled face. He shouted out aloud in order to silence the company.

"Friends! . . . Two more to join our feast! They're wet and cold and hungry—the trinity of misery, and, therefore, trebly welcome. Make room, some of you. But first, my toll." With a gallant manner he bent and kissed the girl lightly on the cheek, beneath the mistletoe which hung above the door. She laughed and pushed him away.

A chorus of "Merry Christmasses" was shouted to them. It was a strange sight that greeted them.

Down the centre of the barn ran a long deal table, round which were seated perhaps thirty men and women of the homeless, peripatetic type. Their illumined faces and sparkling eyes were eloquent of happiness and cheer. The table was loaded with all the good things of Christmas. It was manifest that the feast had been in progress for some time, but was still being continued with undiminished zest. All about the barn were Chinese lanterns, and holly and ribbons decorated the walls and ceiling.

At one end a partition had been erected, from behind

which came wafting wreaths of steam, and a peculiar sizzling and bubbling—evidently the cooking apartment, from which proceeded too a shirt-sleeved man at intervals—a man with a hatchet-like face, and an extraordinary fund of banter and adjectival language, whose sole ambition in life, it seemed, was to fill the company with more than they could conveniently eat.

A place had been found for the old man and his daughter, who now waited humbly to be served, still wondering and bewildered by the turn which events had taken.

No one paid much attention to them after they had been in the place a few minutes. A piled-up plate of turkey and vegetables was planked on the table before them, a big cup of fragrant-smelling coffee followed. The old man looked round, with intention to thank the server.

"Go on! fall to!" hissed the ginger-haired man, who was cracking the joints of his fingers with glee. "It's prime! More to follow! Make a start, lassie! You're the youngest and prettiest gel here! Honour bright!" (Which, indeed, was no exaggeration.)

"Like to know who we're havin' this with," observed the old man, with corresponding good humour.

"With Richard Selby, of course. Boss o' the show! Lord of the estate! This barn's known all round here as a place where a man can have soup and a bed any night. Only got to behave yourself. Mustn't——Hullo! What's the matter?"

"What name did yo' say?" repeated the old man, whose countenance had changed and who now spoke in a menacing undertone.

"Richard Selby. A scowl at his name, friend? What's amiss? What's wrong?"

"Is he a youngish man—dark and big-made—from Moulden? Is he a man with a chain-makin' works in Moulden? Is he——" The old man ceased, overcome by trembling. His daughter turned round, placing a hand on his arm.

"He's Richard Selby, of Moulden, a chain-maker," agreed the ginger-haired man. "That describes him all right. And he's more than that—he's a man to his backbone. What's wrong with you?"

"I'll eat no food of his'n," said the old man, hoarsely. "Wench, leave that plate untouched. This is the gift of the man who brought me to the gutter. Leave it, I say! We'll get out o' this."

"You're mazed, friend!"

"I'm clearer-sighted than yo', ye lump! Don't waste yo'r words on me. Come on, my gel!" And he rose from his seat, and with hunched, stubborn shoulders moved glowering towards the door.

"Feyther!" cried the girl.

He turned upon her with his eyes on fire. "Come, I tell yo'! Don't yo' hear what I say?"

She looked at the table with its wealth of good things, and her lips quivered; but she got up to follow him. The ginger-haired man stood gaping, with pain in his blue eyes. A hush had fallen, and everyone was staring.

At that moment the door was pulled open, and Richard Selby entered, bareheaded and with flakes of snow on his coat, having come down from the house, a quarter of a mile away, in order to see how his unconventional other guests were enjoying themselves.

His gaze fell immediately on the rigid, thickset figure confronting him.

"Dan Hawkins!" he said immediately. "This is well met, Dan—after how many years?"

He was striding forward, but suddenly curbed the hand which half involuntarily was rising to greet him.

There ensued a short silence.

"I'll pass, if yo'll stand out o' the way," said the old man, hoarsely.

"What for?" asked Richard, with a quick glance about him to decide on the probable cause of the trouble.

"I'll give yo' no reasons. I'm a peace-loving man, and no spoiler of other folks' joys. Let me pass."

"Nonsense!" said Richard, good-temperedly. "Who's the sinner who has been treading on your corns? I'll let him have a piece of my mind. Or is it a woman? Come! we must have no ill-feeling on this, the best night in the year!"

"It's no' a small squabble, Richard Selby," said the old man, through working lips. "It's a bitterness in me *heart*. A bitterness atween yo' and me. I'll not speak of it afore strangers. I'll go. I'd never ha' come in if I'd known this place was yours."

"What's the grievance?" asked Richard quietly. "I'm not aware of ever having done you an ill-turn, Dan."

"Yo' never knew it perhaps. That's where yo'r cruel strength comes in. There's many like me has undergone bitter injury at yo'r hands and not talked on it! Many of us! And here's me, a vagrant on the roads, with only my lass left, and her almost bootless—a sufferer as well as me." He made a sudden passionate gesture. "I want no *talk* with ye," he said, fiercely. "It ain't the likes o' Dan Hawkins as shouts out his sorrows to the world. I'll thank ye to stand aside."

But Richard did not move. His expression had hardly altered, but there was a resolute gleam in his eyes.

"It's not my way, either," he continued, quietly, "to do a man an injury and to make no effort to repair it. What's the grievance, Dan? It's only right that I should know it."

But the old man refused to answer. With mouth shut obstinately he moved round Richard and out through the door into the snow.

His daughter's voice arrested him. She had broken into sobbing, shaken by her father's emotion and her own sense of deprivation.

She turned on Richard. "It's you that's done it. It's you that's brought us to this. He used to have a good business, and you invented a machine which brought you all his customers and so drove him to ruin. He's told me about it—hundreds of times. And you're a gentleman living in your big house—while we—we——"

Sympathetic murmurs arose from the women. One came forward and put her arm round the girl. Richard looked round and met the old man's glance rather helplessly. He could not explain that Progress and not himself was to blame; that the iron wheels of Chance ground many into the dust.

He put aside the comforting woman, and took the girl by the hand, lifting her bent head by placing his hand on her brow.

"Look at me a moment," he said, kindly and half humorously. "I'm not such a monster as you think. I really can't help it. There are all sorts of things in life which are difficult to understand, and one of them is—why one person should be better off than another. I can't tell you why, but I know it isn't a matter of deserving it. Now I want you to tell your dad that I'll do anything for you, and for him, that he'll let me do. I don't want you to suffer for my success—*you* especially, who seem as if you could do with a good home and looking after.

"Dan," he said, turning his head and smiling, "let her be the peacemaker. We'll bury old scores to-night, shall we? It's life, not me, that's your enemy. And often, you'll have noticed, life'll turn round and be your friend. I've a gamekeeper's lodge on the place vacant—and you, I remember, were always a bit keen on poaching. Nothing like setting a poacher to catch a poacher. You'll not be stiff-necked, Dan, I know—for the sake of this kid."

He shook her playfully, and then faced the company with his arm about her waist.

"Friends all," he said, "there's a bowl of punch coming along from the house, and I want you to toast Dan Hawkins—a man who's made me ashamed before you all. Also his daughter, who has generously consented to forgive me.

"Where's that sinner, Mark? Ah, there you are!"—for Mark Gem it was, the hatchet-faced man with the vocabulary, who had been appointed the Master of the Ceremonies. "Set the glasses round, Mark, and be a bit brighter-phizzed, you miserable-looking old grave-digger. Who's the next for a serving of turkey?"

And kissing Dan Hawkins' daughter—a salute which she returned—he began to make himself busy—unobtrusively, seizing and wringing Dan Hawkins' hand as he passed him.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—Editor.]

THE EXCUSE OF CHRISTMAS.

Although you may not think so, credit tradesmen have no great reason to bless Yuletide. The reason is this. In the earlier stages of the year, when they send in their accounts, customers will say, "Oh, hold it over till after Christmas, Snip. That's when I pay *all* my bills."

So they wait and present their bill at the beginning of the New Year. Then what they hear is, "My dear chap, how can you expect me to pay that, after all the expenses of the Christmas season? Hang it all! You *must* wait a bit until I've pulled through!"

Can you answer these questions?

Every man engaged in business ought to know the answers to these questions. Do YOU know them all?

YOU will probably find it quite easy to answer most of these questions, but unless you are a rare and brilliant exception you will find several others a good deal more difficult. Some of them, indeed, may be altogether beyond you.

And yet, you will agree, they are all questions that you might have to answer any day in your own business. So—if only out of curiosity—run through the list and see how many you can answer correctly.

20 Specimen Questions.

1. What is the exact purpose of a ledger?
2. What do these signs mean: "E. & O. E.," "F.A.S." & "G/A"?
3. How would you open a branch?
4. What is a consignment note?
5. Do you know how to organise a sale?
6. Do you understand office organisation?
7. What is the difference between sending goods on "consignment" and "on sale or return"?
8. How often by law must a factory be "lime-washed"?
9. How and when is a judgment summons issued?
10. What is the cost of registering a limited company?
11. What is the rule about doubtful debts in assessing income tax?
12. Do you know how to take out a patent?
13. Must a receipt be in writing to be valid?
14. What exactly is a "special settlement"?
15. How and when can you claim for loss of an article sent by registered post?
16. What is the difference between a factor and a broker?
17. How would you draw up a selling scheme?
18. How does a secured creditor in bankruptcy abandon his security?
19. Is a seaside shopkeeper liable for rates in the winter when his shop is shut up?
20. How can you recover debts at court without the expense of a solicitor or collecting agency?

How many did you answer?

Well, how have you come through this examination in business knowledge? You must not forget that the knowledge of these facts and of many other facts like them is absolutely necessary to you if you mean to succeed. If you are in business for yourself you know how useful you would find it to be able to answer any business problem that arose; if you are working for others you must realise that your employer will value you more highly if he knows he can go to you for information when he needs it.

And that is why the "Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser" is so valuable a work—because it contains information about every point in business life. With it by your side you can answer any question about business that is put to you. For instance, you can answer all the questions that you have just asked yourself. You will find the full purpose of a ledger in the article on Ledgers, Vol. III., page 294. Under "Abbreviations" you will find the meaning of every symbol and sign that is used in business to-day. The third question you will solve by looking up the fine article on the Basic Idea in Business, and so on with all the other questions; and, in fact, with any question about anything relating to business. Thus, in question 19, you will find in a moment that the shop-keeper is liable for rates for the whole time (see Vol. III., page 26).

How This Concerns You.

These questions may not arise in your business, but others do, and if you think it would mean anything to you to know at once what to say or do in every emergency, you should send the coupon below for a handsome illustrated book on Business, telling all about the "Business Encyclopædia" and giving the names of the successful business men who have written it. It also tells how any reader of MODERN MAN may obtain the complete work in seven volumes for a first payment of 1/6 only, and pay the balance in small monthly payments. Sending the coupon commits you to nothing. Is such an opportunity one you should miss?

A Position at £200 a Year.

Moreover, the "Business Encyclopædia has one great and immediate advantage. Its possession entitles you to compete without entrance fee in the forthcoming Business Examination, for which are offered twelve substantial prizes, including a situation at £200 a year in the office of the Caxton Publishing Company, or £100 in cash.

J. S. FRY & SONS, Ltd., write:—

"We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is the work *par excellence* for every business man to possess."

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Please send me one complimentary copy of the book on the "Business Encyclopædia." I am a reader of MODERN MAN.

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

CHRISTMAS AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

HOW TO LOOK AFTER YOURSELF DURING YULETIDE.

The near approach of the Christmas holidays makes it advisable for all students of Physical Culture to consider how they are to spend their period of leisure to the best advantage from the standpoint of health.

Christmas has an extremely good effect on the general health of the nation, as statistics have proved. After Christmas Day doctors have to treat cases of over-eating, but it is not a large proportion of the community that gorges itself to repletion, and the general effect of Christmas fare and merrymaking is to brighten the spirits and to supply the body with extra nourishment, which goes to the building up of muscular tissue.

In the case of spring and summer holidays, it is usual for a Physical Culture teacher to warn his students not to overdo things in the way of exercise, but that warning is not needed at Christmastime, for the weather conditions are a sufficient check upon those who are incautious enough to seek to undertake feats of athletic endurance without the necessary training.

The tendency at Christmas is rather to indulge in too much idleness. A safe rule of thumb is to have a walk after every meal. Christmas fare, being richer than ordinary food, is harder to digest, and a brisk turn in the open air is necessary to derive the fullest benefit from what you have eaten.

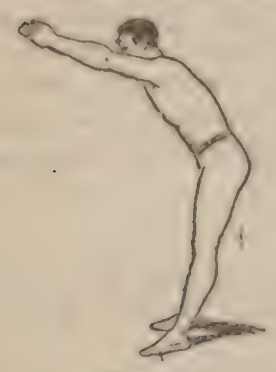
I may be excused for saying a word about late hours. Christmas festivities often keep one up late. They need not be condemned for that reason, but if you are late in getting to bed you should not get up too early on the following morning. At holiday time one can take half an hour longer in bed, and the effect is highly beneficial, for sleep is one of the greatest of body-builders.

A BACK EXERCISE.

PRINCIPALLY FOR THE EXTENSORS OF THE SPINE.

The following exercise is one of the best for strengthening the extensors of the spine.

The extensors are those muscles which keep the spine straight. Without them the body would drop forward, and when they are not sufficiently strong the carriage can never be right. They are, therefore, worthy of special attention.



Correct.

Stand with your heels together and your hands touching, and stretch them as high as possible above your head. Keep the back and neck straight.

Now bend forward at the hips until the tips of your fingers touch your toes. If at first you have difficulty in getting your hands so far down, do not strain yourself by trying too hard, but practise the exercise regularly and you will soon be able to do it properly.

The illustrations show the right and the wrong way to bend forward. Common faults are to hollow out the back and to push the chin outwards. The head should be in the same relative position to the body throughout the exercise as it is when you are standing at attention.

This exercise chiefly benefits the extensors of the spine, but it also strengthens the muscles at the back of the legs and thighs, and it is one of the best for increasing the height.

Incorrect.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

E. R. (Bootle).—We have already given special breathing exercises which will benefit you. Practise breathing deeply whenever you take a walk.

J. McG. (Musselburgh). — The exercises you mention will help you to reduce the size of your abdomen, which is certainly excessive for a man of your height. Work slowly, however, and do not strain yourself.

T. S. (Hoxton).—You cannot expect vigorous health in your line of business. If you decide to change, you must do so on your own responsibility.

A. R. E. (Bristol).—If you repeat the following exercise twenty times every evening, it will keep you from feeling sore in the legs at your next mounted drill. Stand at attention with the hands on the hips; then bend the knees forward and outward, so that the body is lowered till you are almost sitting on your heels. Raise the body by straightening the knees slowly, and repeat.

T. M. (Leeds).—It is never wise to drink tea at a meal at which you eat meat, as tea makes the meat indigestible and liable to recoil. This applies even to meat pies.

G. P. R. (Blackpool).—You can improve the appearance of your face by strengthening the muscles of the jaw and the neck. This is best done by tensing the muscles in question.

E. A. (Grimsby).—The fact that you sweat freely after exercise need cause you no alarm. A good sweat frees the system from impurities and benefits the health.

P. D. (Bedford).—It is comparatively easy to fix up an electric bath. Use an ordinary shocking coil and a dry cell, and arrange the wires so that one comes at the top of the bath, and the other at the foot. The tingling sensation of the current can be felt in any part of the bath, particularly at the ends; see that it is not too strong. Such baths have a stimulating effect, and are recommended for nervous cases.

BRIBERY.

Let me bribe you to take up my Course of "Psycho-Vibratory" Physical Culture. To every one who takes up the Course I will give the most valuable prize in the world—Health, Strength, and a Fine Physique. To you this is worth

£1,000,000.

Will you send a postcard now for my latest publication, "The Use and Abuse of Exercise?" I will send it to you free. It is the most unique hand-book on Physical Culture in existence, gives a mine of valuable information and tells you all about the Robinson Method.

Send **NOW**. You will forget to do so to-morrow.

J. JACKSON ROBINSON, Physical Culture Specialist (Dept. M5), 18, Cheltenham Avenue, LIVERPOOL.

N.B.—Letters require 1d. stamp whether the Envelope is sealed or not.

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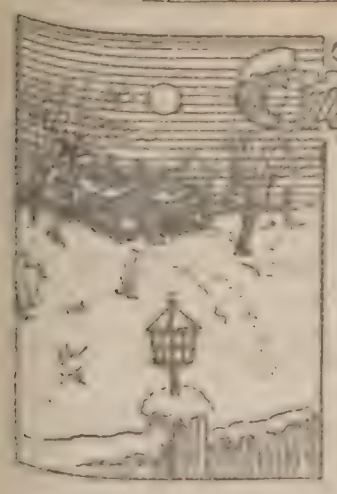
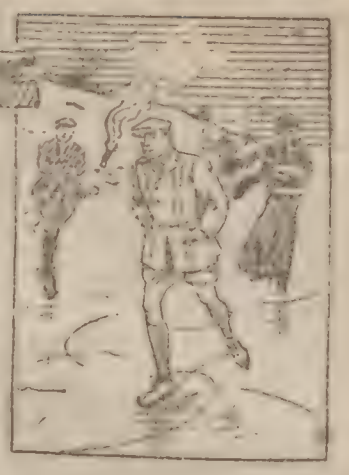
No experience needed. Our Agents made over £5,000 last two months, supplying the enormous demand for our famous "CENTURY THERMAL" BATH CABINET, and appointing Sub-Agents. Mr. Blake, of Wolverhampton, made £72 the first three months. Mr. Kitson, of Blackpool, made £31 the first month. Miss Elsie Cooper, £63 while teaching. J. W. Markham, clerk, £39 in six weeks. **EVERYBODY BUYS,** business men, families and physicians. WHY WORK FOR OTHERS? Be Your Own Master! Write for Agent's Proposition No. 556, and mention THE MODERN MAN.

CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, Ltd.

(Dept. 556), **206, Regent Street, London, W.**



Christmas in a Country House



Heap on more wood! The wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.—Scott.

You have felt a little nervous, maybe, of arriving too early at your destination, for you have reflected that in a country house—be it large or small—there are always a hundred odd duties and occupations to be performed by the members of your host's family in preparation for the festivities. The bulk of these, to be sure, fall on the girls of the party; but—and why but?—possibly that reason alone has been sufficient to cause you to travel by a later train than the one suggested in the letter that has reminded you of a long-standing invitation.

It is possible, on the other hand, that you have experienced some slight diffidence as to helping in the decoration of the church, which is assuredly one of the most dangerous employs in which a young, eligible, and susceptible bachelor can engage.

So you have reached the village station just about dusk, and have made your way across the fields up to the house, leaving your traps to follow in the luggage cart, which has met each train throughout the day.

MAKING NEW FRIENDS.

Your reasonable decision wins its reward, for it is surely better to find gathered in the hall or the morning-room the bulk of the party with whom you are to associate so closely during the next few days, than to be received only by the invalid of the household (a thought querulous maybe) or by a hostess busy and worried over some temporary *contretemps* in the morrow's arrangements.

Moreover, there is a geniality in the atmosphere of tea and cake and sandwiches and well-buttered muffins, inducing instant friendships. Such introductions as may be needed are thus made without any sort of formality, and conversation wags cheerily until the return of the church-decorating party—late, of course, and clamorous for fresh tea and dainties—drives the rest of you males to the billiard-room, or the study for a smoke and a yarn until it be time to dress for dinner.

SKATING AFTER DINNER.

Of course, the weather plays no unimportant part in the entertainment. Of late years our Christmastides have been for the most part of a "sloppy" character that has added greatly to the labours of hosts in the entertainment of their house parties; but given a good honest clear frost that has lasted, say, a week, the matter adjusts itself.

There is, of course, a pond or a lake, or better a well-flooded field, somewhere within easy reach, and bonfires and pitch-buckets for illumination are easily fixed up. And what better way could there be of spending a couple of hours after dinner than in skimming over the humming ice hand in hand with a pleasant and clever partner?

Time goes quickly, and it is near midnight when the word is passed to adjourn to the house because the carol-singers from the village are due. Soon they arrive, and from the hall with the door thrown open you listen. And the master of the house expresses (as he has done in twenty former years) his surprise at the excellence of the performance and his complete ignorance of the singers' identity, and sends out trays of wines and cakes for their regalement, together with a little bag of jingling new-minted coins.

OFF TO BED.

And then comes "the tray," which ere long is followed by another one, but this last loaded with candlesticks, and the good-nights follow, and the girls vanish into the upper regions to the inevitable hairbrushing symposium in each other's rooms, while the men seek the appointed place for just a last pipe, and, maybe, a final tot. It is already Christmas morning, but everyone has discreetly kept this fact a secret.

On Christmas morning, of course, church parade. No one is very late for breakfast—how, indeed, could he be when the children have been since dawn loudly proclaiming the contents of their stockings in every corridor?

Beside each plate is a little collection of parcels, and a little pretended wonderment as to the generous donor follows the unswathing of more than one of the gifts. More than likely, however, giver and recipient pair off together, quite unconsciously, for the short walk to church, and share a book during the service, which is, of course, brief and hearty, and ends with the genial Vicar's recommendation to all and sundry to enjoy and give thanks for the good cheer proper to the occasion.

INFORMAL LUNCH.

A smart walk follows, though not immediately, for it takes some little time to exchange greetings with the bulk of the congregation dotted between the porch and the lych-gate.

Lunch, of course, is a scratch meal, and cold, carved by everyone for himself and neighbours at the sideboard, with Irish stew kept sizzling over a spirit lamp, as the only hot dish. The Stilton cheese at that lunch has a history, of which, if you sit near enough to your host you are bound to have the full benefit, but you don't mind that, for the subject is worth the eulogy.

Sounds of merriment drift in to you during this meal, from another part of the house, where the butler or the cook is presiding over a banquet in every way as important as that which will be served you later on.

PUTTING IN THE AFTERNOON.

The employment of Christmas afternoon is always a problem; no one really wants to play bridge—it seems hardly decent. But something must be done. Some of the party, with such guns as are available, wander out for a desultory errand, whose ostensible object is to "have a crack at the rabbits." Others, among them ladies, feel that they must go and wish "Merry Christmas" to close friends who were not at "our church." The master of the house, who contemplates a snooze before his study fire, says he has important letters which must be written, and, moreover, this is Liberty Hall, and everyone must please him- or herself.

Generally, it must be allowed, the period between lunch and tea-time on Christmas day is a thought irksome. One is lazy, perhaps, and a bit stiff from yesterday's skating—probably the first time for years. But the time passes somehow; the rabbiters, no doubt, had the best of it, however bad the sport may have been, and there is no doubt that the light was bad, for one gun had brought down a fine cock pheasant in mistake for a snipe. (It is only at Christmas that these accidents occur.)

THE BIG EVENT.

The great hour comes at last. Full dress parade in the drawing-room, where holly decks the walls, and every sconce and lamp and chandelier is in full flare. Then follows the state procession to the dining-room, where the butler is particularly solemn, and perhaps a wee bit rocky on his feet, and so begins the great business of the day, which, indeed, needs no description.

Everybody jokes at nothing in particular, for here laughter is easy, and even the old and solemn members of the household resume their youthful vivacity for a period and jest as merrily as the gayest of their juniors.

Later on, after the crackers have been pulled and their contents assumed, there will be snap-dragon and musical chairs, and other games for the children, whose day, after all, it is, if anyone's, and if youth be in sufficient strength, these will be followed by "Oranges and Lemons" and "Sir Roger" as a finale.

And so to bed, a thought melancholy maybe, those of us who lead lonely lives throughout the year, but yet with a great softness of heart towards all who have been our companions, and who have expressed, in prettiest tones, the hope that we may all meet again under the same roof next year.

Bernard H. Gillow.

TELLING THE TALE.—*(Continued from page 367.)*

half-way across the course. There'll be an objection—sure!—if the outsider wins."

"And he *has* won!" Casey cried thickly. "Number twenty-two—for a fiver!"

Mr. Casey was right. "Number twenty-two" was shot into the frame. Safety Match had got first past the winning-post.

"Don't worry," said the sham commissioner. "Though they're in the same stable, the horses belong to different owners. There'll be an objection, I tell you."

But that possibility was not troubling Mr. Bertram Spruce just then. Barney Billings was one of the few bookmakers in the small ring who still clung to the old-fashioned rule of paying out on the animal that got "first past the post," and he had counted ten sovereigns and a half into Mr. Spruce's shaking hand before the ringing shout "Objection!" delighted the backers of the beaten favourite.

Five minutes more and—"Objection sustained. Race awarded to Red Cloak," resounded from ring to ring. Mr. "Chicken" Casey hastened to offer his condolences to Mr. Bertram Spruce.

"Rotten luck, sir!—wasn't it? But," he added reassuringly, "the stable will get it back, with interest, in the next race. You can see for yourself what kind of information it was that I gave you. Safety Match ought to have won—did win, in fact. Only that little fool of a stable-boy did us out of our money. The owner has dropped a ton of money over it, I can assure you. Never mind, the Fleckton people have three in the next. I shall know 'the pea' in a minute or two. Let me persuade you to have at least two pounds on that. Really, you should have a fiver! The Fleckton mob don't make mistakes when they are really out."

"Sorry," said Mr. Spruce, "but you've already lost me a sovereign, you know. No; I shan't have another bet to-day."

"You'll regret it, sir. Come, let me persuade you. A couple of sovereigns, then?"

"Not a shilling," declared Mr. Spruce, emphatically. "Good-day, sir. I'm catching the next train to London."

"Then you're a fool!" cried Mr. Casey, angrily. "You'd get no information from me now, if you begged on your hands and knees. Try to do a man a good turn, and he throws mud in your face! Bah! I've got no time to waste on a man escaped from Colney Hatch!"

With which pleasantry Mr. Casey dived away into the crowd.

And Mr. Bertram Spruce really did not have another bet that day. He enjoyed a very pleasant walk along the river-bank, from Hurst Park to the station. Some of his reflections would have considerably surprised Mr. "Chicken" Casey, could they have been conveyed to that very astute gentleman.

For instance, he repeatedly congratulated himself upon achieving the unusual feat of backing two winners in one race. To explain, not only had he been "paid out" over Safety Match, but having previously invested ten shillings on the chance of Red Cloak in the same event, at S.P., he would draw another two-pounds-ten from his usual bookmaker, consequent upon the disqualification of the former animal.

But the thing that Mr. Spruce chuckled over most was the fact that he had got rid of a "dud" sovereign he had been careless enough to take at the booking-office window a day or two before.

He wondered what the faces and language of Mr. "Chicken" Casey and his confederate would be like when they made the discovery.

MOTOR SALESMEN'S MONEY.

A popular profession among the upper classes (whatever that may mean, for the term is elastic nowadays) is that of a motor salesman.

A youngster generally pays a premium of £50 or £100 to a motor company at about seventeen, and is taught driving and the intricacies of a car's mechanism. Then at about twenty he is put into the showrooms, with a good commission on the cars he sells and a small salary.

He very soon earns £200 a year or so; and as experience in salesmanship increases, he manages to make a lot more.

OUR GREAT RECOMMENDATION SCHEME

We want our readers to introduce "The Modern Man" to all their friends and acquaintances, and we, on our part, shall reward them amply for their trouble.

LIST OF AWARDS.

We have decided to make the following awards, and in order to insure that our readers shall obtain entire satisfaction in every way, we are placing our orders in connection with this scheme exclusively with firms whose announcements are well known to all readers of these pages and who have proved that they can give their customers every satisfaction.

AWARDS 1 to 6.

SIX FOUR-GUINEA OVERCOATS,

made by that well-known firm, Messrs. J. & H. Ellis, 201, Strand, London. Each of the six readers entitled to one of these awards will receive an order from us upon Messrs. J. & H. Ellis for a Four-Guinea Overcoat, and the reader can select whatever style and material he prefers.

He will receive every attention and a perfect fit will be guaranteed to him.

AWARDS 19 to 24.

SIX TROUSER PRESSES,

made by Mr. H. Clipson, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W. These Trouser Presses are made of polished oak, handsomely finished with plated fittings, and are full size.

AWARDS 7 to 12.

Six Pairs of One-Guinea Riding Breeches

made by Messrs. C. & G. McKinley, 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C. These breeches will be made to the requirements of the individual readers to whom they are awarded, and will be cut and finished in the first-class style for which Messrs. McKinley are celebrated. A perfect fit is guaranteed.

AWARDS 25 to 60.

THREE DOZEN "LADDIZ" CAPS,

made by Messrs. J. Holden & Co., 32, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

These caps embody the "Laddiz" patent spring cushion, which ensures a perfect fit and free ventilation.

Those to whom these caps are awarded will select the size and material they desire.

AWARDS 13 to 18.

Six of the Mr. Edward Aston's Courses for Increase of Height & All-round Development

Mr. Edward Aston, who holds the title of "Britain's Strongest Man," is one of the most up-to-date teachers of Physical Culture, and his courses embody the very latest ideas in this science.

AWARDS 61 to 72.

These twelve readers will have awarded to them the services of THE NATIONAL TAILORING & REPAIRING CO., 144/146 Hampstead Road, London, N.W., to the value of 3/6 each.

This company is one of the best of its kind in London, and those securing one of these awards will be entitled to have either a suit or an overcoat cleaned and returned to them free of charge.

EXACTLY WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

All you have to do is to recommend, in the following way, THE MODERN MAN to someone who is not at present a buyer of it. Get him interested in the paper and persuade him to purchase a copy. When he has done so, ask him to cut out the recommendation form which appears on page 354 and to give it to you.

In our issue published next Monday there will be printed a further recommendation form which can also be used.

When your recommendation forms have been duly filled in, forward them to us along with your name and address, so as to reach us on or before the first post on Monday, December 18. Do not send in the recommendation forms before the fourth one has been published.

Send them all together in one batch, to reach us between December 12 and December 18.

The awards will be given to those who have done most work for the paper in recommending it to new buyers, the highest awards going to those sending us the largest number of recommendation forms filled in, the awards next highest in value going to those sending the next largest number of forms, and so on until all the awards have been distributed.

The names and addresses of those to whom the awards have been distributed will appear in our issue dated January 6 and published on January 1.

We desire it to be thoroughly understood that all these awards will duly be distributed amongst those who participate in this scheme, no matter how small may be the number of recommendation forms sent in by those who enter, but the more forms you send in the more likely are you to come out at the top of the list.

No employee of THE MODERN MAN Ltd. and no one in any way connected with the paper will be eligible for any of these awards.

The entry form which will appear in our next week's number, and which you will be required to sign and to forward to us along with the recommendation forms which you have collected, will bind you to accept the Editor's decision as final in all matters connected with this scheme, and readers may enter for the awards only on that understanding.

No inquiries concerning this scheme will be answered by post, but queries of general interest may be dealt with in the paper.

The Bridge from Drudgery to Prosperity

In which of the Circles above must your name be filled?

If you belong to the first circle, go over the I.C.S. bridge to prosperity. Thousands go over it every year. Men who feel crushed by their limited scope go over the I.C.S. bridge and see unlimited chances.

First there are the men who take I.C.S. courses in occupations they are already engaged in. Men on the lowest rung of the wages ladder get an I.C.S. training and *mount* on top.

Then there are those who learn from information given by the I.C.S. that other occupations offer them bigger salaries. Here are a few examples of what the I.C.S. bridge has meant to men.

Clerk becomes well-paid Engineer.
Draper's Porter becomes Window-dressing Specialist.
Joiner becomes Architect.
Engine-room Attendant becomes Engineer.
Clerk becomes Draughtsman.
Clerk becomes Telephone Engineer.
Rivet Hander becomes Mechanic.
Labourer becomes Electric Machine Operator.
Pitman becomes Mine Manager.
Clerk becomes Advertising Specialist.

How to Meet Increased Cost of Living.

Don't give way to despair because of the increased cost of living. By giving your spare time to I.C.S. study for an occupation that appeals to you, you will increase your income by *much* more than the extra demand on your wages.

During the last year the average reported *increase* of earnings reached the amazing figure of 54 per cent. per I.C.S. student reporting! which means that for every £1 these I.C.S. students earned before they now earn £1 10s. 9d.

Here is one out of thousands of the reports received by the I.C.S. :—

"I take this opportunity of telling you of the success I have met with since I enrolled with the I.C.S. I wrote for the booklet on 'Building and Architecture.' . . . I was so convinced that I at once joined in the 'Complete Architectural Course.' . . . My work is now more congenial, and my wages have been raised 60 per cent. in twelve months."

(Signed) T. H. YASSAR, Fulham, S.W.

Employers Want I.C.S. Trained Men.

Employers in all trades and Public men of the highest standing realise the magnificent work done by the I.C.S. in increasing the efficiency and earning powers of ambitious workers.

The Rt. Hon. T. Vesey Strong, Lord Mayor of London, 1910-11, writes :—

"I have received and read with considerable interest particulars of the important work now being carried on through the medium of the International Correspondence Schools, and I am much impressed with the value of the scheme in the preparation of men and women for the duties of life by promoting their mental culture in ways useful to them in the particular direction in which they have an aptitude.

"I trust that the excellent results hitherto attained by the means of these Schools may be continued and increased in future."

Now is the Time to Write

to the I.C.S. for free information about any of the 180 different courses. Don't say you will "leave it until after Christmas." Get the information *now*, and let the New Year find you ready and eager to make the most of your spare evenings—already on the way from drudgery to prosperity. Putting the matter off for only a month may make all the difference at a certain date in the future between getting a good job and missing it.

Postmen bring you all the wage-increasing I.C.S. training—no classes to attend—you study in comfort at home, in your own way, at your own speed, at your own convenience. No heavy fees to pay—terms arranged to suit your pocket—no extras. All books free.

Send the coupon to-day for free information regarding any occupation, whether you are engaged in it now or not. Every day you delay puts a bigger salary further off. The I.C.S. are ready to do their part for you—do yours by sending the coupon at once.

"Be an 'Ever-Ready' man and you'll get the BETTER JOB—not once, but ALWAYS."

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Please explain, without any obligation on my part how I can qualify to enter, or to obtain a larger salary in, the occupation or profession **before** which I have marked X (or in the one stated here .....).

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Name .....

Address .....

Indictment of Mr. George Edwardes

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR OR——.

Mr. George Edwardes has been celebrating his twenty-fifth anniversary in theatrical management.

So far as any personal feeling is concerned, I join most cordially in the widespread congratulations that have been showered upon Mr. Edwardes as a private individual, but I think the time has come to consider what he has done as a public man, whether we are to regard him as a benefactor of his race, or something very much the reverse.

For twenty-five years Mr. Edwardes has been a big power in theatre-land, and as such he has had a great influence on public taste; it might not be an exaggeration to say on national character. Has his influence been for good or ill?

THE FIRST CHARGE.

I charge Mr. Edwardes, in the first instance, with having extinguished the sacred lamp of burlesque, with having replaced comic opera and Gilbert and Sullivan by musical comedy.

The prisoner may plead that he but followed the changing order of public taste, and gave the public what they wanted. He may also say that in his later years he has shown a tendency to repent, and to give us musical plays which are occasionally threatened with intelligence and some shadowy substance of coherence which might almost be mistaken for a plot—by a person of powerful imagination.

The latter plea may be urged at the proper time, in mitigation of punishment, but I am not going to allow any red herrings to be drawn across the trail.

George Edwardes is charged with being the inventor of musical comedy, and to that indictment there can be but one answer, "Guilty."

This being so, we have now to consider the extent, results, and effects of his offence.

HORRIBLE EXAMPLES.

Lunatic asylums, rest cure and other homes are still crowded with the victims of musical comedy.

In many of these cases the unfortunate patient's brain gave way under the strain of attempting to follow the plot; but the worst sufferers are the victims of the hero-worship engendered by musical comedy.

Here is a typical case: X. Y. was a respectable, sensible young man until one night he went to the Gaiety pit.

He went again, and again, and again. No; it is not the usual sordid story of embezzlement; he could afford his half a crowns. But Mr. Teddy Payne became an obsession with him. He took to dressing like the famous comedian, to speaking like him, and he accumulated 2,342 picture postcards of Mr. Payne. To-day X.Y. is in an asylum, quite harmless save for the fixed delusion that he is Teddy Payne, and that the fellow on the stage is a base impostor.

Similarly, I have met many poor ladies in asylums (only as a visitor; only as a visitor) who were convinced that they were Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss Gertie Millar, or Miss Lily Elsie.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

I remember one brawny female, who advanced towards me singing, "Just a little bit of string; Such a simple little thing." And she certainly would have had me on a bit of string, had I not hurriedly clambered over the wall.

Then think of the incense poured out at the shrines of musical comedy favourites by the youths and maidens of the nation.

I knew one poor chap who often went without his lunch in order to buy picture postcards of Miss Gabrielle Ray, while a Girton girl, who would probably have been bracketed equal with the Senior Wrangler, failed to get even a pass because she took to collecting and worshipping photographs of Mr. Hayden Coffin.

I have mentioned picture postcards. Most of us have suffered from them. Of course, Mr. Edwardes did not invent the picture postcard, but he and musical comedy were responsible for the growth of the plague.

During a recent holiday, I received from feminine relatives and acquaintances 35 picture postcards of Miss Elsie, 29 of Miss Miller, 28 of Miss Jean Aylwin, 25 of Miss Gabrielle Ray.

Thousands of men expecting an important letter, on hearing the postman's knock have hurried to the door only to be handed a jewelled picture postcard of Mr. George Grossmith, junior, or Miss Isabel Jay.

This sort of thing has broken up many a once happy home. The modern married man —*experto crede*—has to put up with a lot, but he is apt to kick when he finds that there is no dinner for him because his wife has been busy completing her Huntley Wright gallery.

Millions of hard-working men have to eat a lonely and unsatisfactory Saturday dinner because their women folk have gone to a musical comedy matinée.

Nowadays when a man has a tiff with his wife, she threatens to go on the musical comedy stage, if she is anything under seventy, or remarks that Blank Dash, the famous low comedian, gets £500 a week, and if you were half a man you would be doing the same.

The women of the middle-classes have ceased to take any rational interest in life.

They think, so far as their mental apparatus will allow them, and dream of nothing but musical comedy.

They are not quite sure whether Mr. Bonar Law is a Conservative or a Liberal, but they can give you full and complete biographies of almost any musical comedy favourite.

REFLECTED BRILLIANCE.

The other evening I took a damsel into dinner. She snubbed me severely until I happened to mention something about Mr. Joseph Coyne. "O, do you know him?" she cried, and when I admitted that I had that honour, she looked at me as if I had suddenly announced myself as—well, the King or Mr. George Edwardes.

Mr. George Edwardes has emptied middle-class homes of girls. They are all on the stage as "show girls," by no means blushing exhibits for the delectation of elderly roués and feeble-minded youths.

And now the ladies of the aristocracy, in self-defence, and as their best chance of catching a husband, are going into musical comedy.

George, I was very nearly forgetting your worst crime of all. If you ever have nightmare I hope it takes the form of being pricked to death with matinée hat-pins. But for you there would have been no matinée hats. Man, I hope for your own sake you have not a sensitive conscience.

The tale of your crimes is almost complete, but not quite. You were the originator of the musical comedy tenor, beside whom he of grand opera is a shrinkingly modest person.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

Who is responsible for the fact that I cannot open a magazine or weekly illustrated without being presented with an undesired view of Miss Footlight's teeth?

Who invented the hydra-headed author, and put an otherwise blameless University don to writing musical comedy lyrics?

Who has given us the finest and most artistic stage-management, and stage-mounting in the world?

Who has given us an entertainment that is usually merry and bright and clean, and thus brought some glint of brightness into millions of colourless lives?

You, you, you! Norman Fraser.

A DAY APART

THE MORNING WALK IN CRISP, FROSTY AIR AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

Far out in the middle of the bitter months, when the old summer is barely even a memory, and when spring is scarcely a hope, Christmas Day needs all one's inner springs of cheerfulness and all Nature's gilding influences before it completely fulfils one's ideal of what the day should be.

The setting of weather and all outward appearances in which it is presented to us make it the day to be long remembered, or else something of a mixture. Still, whatever setting it is given, it is hard to rob it of qualities that keep it unique among the days.

To me it falls like a sudden unearned increment of money, a windfall from the tree of golden gifts, a time of absolute freedom which one has not ear-marked in advance, and has not counted upon as one counts upon all other days one may call one's own.

This sudden sense of complete possession of a day—and perhaps a day to follow it—takes one's breath away, like a plunge into water when frost is on the window pane. It does not come slowly into view, unfolding itself gradually. One works hard right up to the last moment. The office clock moves rapidly towards the point when you must snatch up your bag and make a dash for that last and latest "special fast excursion" to the station of all others that means so much.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

Then away you go, breathless, unable to shake off the chains of work and responsibility at once. At last you gain your cottage—the ideal resting place for Christmas Day. A scent of burning beech and oak comes along the quiet road to meet you. Through the bare trees you catch a far glimpse of a red glow from a window; there is a click of the latch, the soft light of lamps—and you are home for Christmas.

The day dawns finding you still unready for such a luxury of time all your own. Fortunately it is an ideal day. Your last impressions of the sky as you hurried indoors on the previous night were not false. The sky was quietly clearing and a frost followed. You must make the most of the day.

There are hundreds of people who never go for a walk simply as a walk except on such Christmas Days as this one. The walk is a kind of ceremony that one would never willingly omit, though your steps lead you only on to a suburban common or round city thoroughfares.

A DAY OF PEACE.

But out here, with unlimited acres in all directions, with woods open to your feet, with field-paths just surface-hardened by three or four degrees of frost; and with a little village half-a-mile off, you are in luck's way.

It may be imagination—probably it is—but on these days, when the work of one's world is held up by general consent, a different air seems to circulate. There is a different rhythm in the æther, a calmer spirit in the woods, a more peaceful mist over the fields.

You can almost look the sun in the face without flinching, as you stand by a gate from which the white frost is melting and dripping incessantly. Yet even as you puff out deep breaths of air into the cool atmosphere you can almost feel that the sun still has some power.

FROST AND ICE.

Otherwise the fields would be as white now as when you looked from the bedroom window three hours ago. Only behind the hedges on the northern side does the frost still hold; or behind the rough tussocks of grass where the sun cannot penetrate.

A thin film of ice covers the pond, and as you tap it with a stick you can watch the quaint life of the water—the "boat-rowers" and beetles—scurrying away below the surface.

The disconsolate, timid water-hen struts along the edge of the pond, uncertain as to whether to venture out or not. With a flick of its black and white tail it slinks into the hedge on catching sight of you.

Deep in the evergreens there is constant rustling and scratching among the leaves. The birds are driven into these shrubberies to search among the dead leaves for something to eat. The ground is too hard for the thrush's bill out in the open.

All along the edge of the haystack there is a drip, drip, drip, as the frost gives way to the sun and the water runs down the thatch in a sparkling ripple.

But everywhere and all the time the strange calmness of the land strikes you as the most fascinating aspect of the day.

It is not the silence of death by any means. There is life in the very mists that hang about the dark edges of the woods; there is a noiseless music, a sort of undertone of exhilaration.

The tree tops are half hidden in faint mist. Here and there on an oak there are leaves still clinging, but not a breath stirs them. It is a cold golden stillness that pervades the earth.

Pheasants that have escaped the big drives stalk slowly—more slowly than usual, it seems—out from the woods. They seem as much interested in looking curiously about them as in pecking the last acorns to pieces.

CHATTING WITH EVERYONE.

Sharp though the air is, you cannot hurry on such a morning. You stop and talk weather and other things with every soul you meet, for the Christmas atmosphere gives men the right, as it imposes the duty of neighbourly friendliness.

If only, you think, such a spirit could be prolonged through the year!

Distant peals of bells warn you that church is over and that there are some very good things in preparation at home.

You increase your pace, for your appetite is beginning to make its presence felt.

The walk has given you a better grasp of your good fortune in having such a day for your own. Half, or nearly half of it has already gone, but you would be the last to say that a moment of it had so far been wasted.

LASTING IMPRESSIONS.

Time has not passed without leaving you many delightful impressions. Merely as pictures the earth and sky have been wondrously attractive to-day. But beyond this you have been able to get from Nature something to go on with; some fuller satisfaction of an ever-present desire to solve the riddle propounded every day, ever hour, of your true relation to these open air influences that bring you so much secret joy.

C. EASTON-GREY.

The Young Man who takes Mustard regularly

at meals is not likely to grow into a "chronic dyspeptic" when he gets older. Mustard, good Mustard,

COLMAN'S D.S.F. mustard

materially assists the digestion and assimilation of food.

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that has brought pecuniary gain to thousands of men and women throughout the United Kingdom is offered

FREE TO YOU.

Here is an opportunity for you to become initiated into the secrets of Money-Making, and to join the ranks of those who by following our inspired recommendations are now in a position to bear eloquent testimony to the success of our methods.

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and are daily receiving testimonials couched in words of gratitude from those who have proved for themselves the reliability of our advices. These testimonials are open for your inspection and can be seen any day at our offices.

THE INFALLIBLE TESTIMONY OF ALL

lies in the lists of the cheques we publish from time to time showing the systematic manner in which our clients make Money.

Here are a few cheques recently paid to clients and taken at random from our ledgers.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
C. W.	148	15	0	R. S.	24	0	0
E. G.	75	10	0	C. D. G.	25	0	0
E. L. F.	100	0	0	S. H.	35	0	0
J. B. P.	29	15	0	Col. F. S. T.	104	0	0
A. S.	32	0	0	S.H.	32	0	0
H. G. B.	36	0	0	J. G. K.	24	0	0
P. D.	30	0	0	G. T. G.	49	12	9
T. Y. R.	37	16	6	J. W.	24	0	0
Sir E. B.	36	0	0	A. R. B.	55	11	0
W. A. B.	22	16	0	J. S. H.	33	12	6

Such convincing proof may be your own experience, for there is no reason why your success should not be recorded in the next list of cheques issued. If, however, you are still unconvinced, write to us and **we will remove every doubt.**

YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY.
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OUR SYSTEM WILL SHOW YOU HOW.

We invite you to test it to-day by filling in the coupon below and posting it at once.

FILL IN THIS

To the Secretary,
The National Share Exchange, Gt. Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature, which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away over half-a-million pounds to clients.

M.M. 9/12/11.

Name _____
(State whether Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss or Title.)

Address in Full _____

Date _____ (Please write distinctly).

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

THE CHRISTMAS RUSH.

HOW IT MAY LEAD TO PERMANENT BENEFITS.

The rush of Christmas trade is regarded by most of those concerned in it either as a burden that must be borne without more than the necessary amount of grumbling, or as an annual fillip to their business, according to their position in the commercial world.

Nearly all of them look upon the Christmas rush as a temporary thing; only the few who are possessed of keen commercial acumen perceive that it can be made to show a permanent and advantageous effect upon the whole year's trading.

Consider the case of the clerk, as a first example. Office and warehouse work is more than doubled at Christmas; the orders that have to be dealt with are more numerous than usual, and the work that would normally be done on the Christmas holidays has to be got through in advance. The clerk is overworked, and is therefore liable to make mistakes and to be careless.

He should remember, however, that it is during such periods of bustle that an employer has an opportunity of testing the stuff of which his men are made, and he should also bear in mind the fact that increases of salary are frequently given with the opening of the New Year. By doing his best during the Christmas rush—whether he is paid extra for it or not—he may secure that permanent increase of salary which he is longing for.

In many branches of commerce it is necessary to engage temporary assistants to meet the Christmas rush. Most of the men so taken on look upon their engagement solely as a means of having money to spend on festivities; they do not put their hearts or their brains into their work, because they do not see any prospect of their engagement becoming a permanency.

Yet in every large business there are valued servants who were originally taken on just because they proved their worth during such temporary engagements.

As for the shopkeeper, he is too much inclined to consider his Christmas trade a passing one. In this he is wrong. Most of his Christmas customers are local people, and if he gives them good value he may secure their regular weekly trade in preference to the shopkeeper who is at present supplying them.

D. W. WARD.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

HOME RAILS.

These have been irregular during the week, and the fears of a strike are still delaying a considerable amount of investment.

I am still of opinion that there will be no strike; but even if the strike does materialise, I consider it really a "bull" point, as the companies are so well prepared, and the Government is so friendly that more harm will be done to labour than capital, and the Amalgamated Society will lose most of its power.

Of course, prices will fall to begin with if a strike does take place; but this will not hurt the investor, as the recovery will, in my opinion, be greater than the fall.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.

This stock has risen in price, and looks a good market, on the rumour that the company is about to acquire an American road—not the Erie. If this rumour turns out to be well-founded, no doubt the price of Canadian Pacifics will further improve.

AMERICANS.

These are on the up-grade, and the best-informed people look for still higher prices. The Union Pacific segregation plan is again talked about, and ought to cause a further rise in the shares.

Southern Common shares are, I am told, a promising purchase at about $32, and their traffics must be very heavy owing to the immense cotton crop.

MEXICAN RAILS.

On the excellent statement for October, these may be considered good. The saving in expenses has turned a large decrease into a substantial increase, and if traffics are good till the end of the year, the net decrease for the half-year will be small.

MINES.

These show little change, but I still think the South African list generally should be sold when prices are good, as the outlook is not promising.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

L. N. (Lincoln).—I see no reason at present for advising a sale.

"JAMES" (Eastbourne).—Hold for better prices, which I think you will be able to obtain after the turn of the year.

P. O. (Limerick).—With the exception of No. 4, I think you have a good list. I should be inclined to clear out the black sheep.

K. F. (Thurles).—No. 1 should be sold; 2, 3, 4 are a good holding; and 5 might be averaged with advantage.

A. L. T. (Wakefield).—Certainly not.

P. D. (Waterford).—I do not advise the investment. According to the best reports, the mine has not more than seven years' life left.

De V. (Jersey).—I can find no trace of the company having been registered in England, and should advise leaving it alone.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

MORE TO SANTA'S TASTE.

'Twas the eve of Christmas, and in the Lushington family's little sitting-room a fitting spirit of Yuletide peace prevailed.

Mr. Lushington, who was to play the part of Santa Claus when his little son Tommy was abed, was resting quietly in his arm-chair, gathering strength for the arduous work to come. Not that he was looking forward to it with any feeling but one of pure joy. So pleased was he, in fact, at the thought that his nose vied with his cheery cheeks in glowing with a Christmassy redness that was a delight to look upon.

On the other side of the fireplace sat the wife of his bosom, with little Tommy nestling at her knee. She was engaged in answering his childish fusillade of questions, all relating to Santa Claus.

"Mummy," asked the little darling, "will Santa Claus come down the chimney when we are asleep?"

"Yes, my love," said his mamma. "When we are sound asleep."

"Then don't you think," inquired the angel, "that we ought to lock up the cupboard with the pudding and mince pies in it?"

"No," said mamma, with a grim glance at her hubby, "but I *shall* lock up the one with the *whisky* in it. That's much more in Santa Claus's line!"

THE HEIGHT OF REFINEMENT.

The Ponsonby-Joneses, of that select suburb, Tootwood Common, were to entertain the Smythe-Browns on Christmas Day, and they had stocked their larder plentifully with good things, for they were determined that the Smythe-Browns should see a bigger "spread" than they would have had if they had stayed at home.

At last the great day came, and Mrs. Ponsonby-Jones was full of instructions to Bridget, the new servant. (Please note that she was Irish. That's why we've called her Bridget.)

"Above all, Bridget," said her mistress, "remember thoroughly to clean the turkey."

And so it came to pass that the noble bird was placed on the festive board, surrounded on the dish by a number of little shapeless substances that looked like chewed india-rubber. Mr. Ponsonby-Jones gazed at them wonderingly.

"What on earth are those, Bridget?" he asked.

"Thim's th' sausages, bedad!" replied the beaming handmaid. "Shure, I cleaned 'em out like th' turkey!"

ONLY THE STARTERS' NUMBERS.

Phil Phathed had never been on a racecourse before, so he decided to go down to the Christmas morning 'chases at Kempton Park.

He had heard sad stories of broken punters having to walk wearily home and undergo other harrowing sufferings, so he loaded himself with gold and notes, and, in case of dire emergency, secreted half-a-crown in a belt-purse round his waist. Then he started off for the course, resplendent in a diamond-pin and gorgeous gold watch and chain.

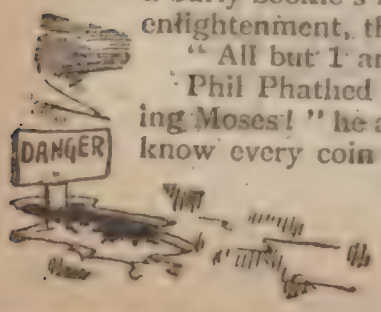
There was a lot that interested him on the racecourse, and he was craning his neck to see the winning-post, when there was a sudden rush; and poor Phathed found that his watch, chain, pin, *and* money had gone!

However, the trusty half-crown remained. He would be a philosopher, have a drink with it, and then go home. So he did. He had a whisky in the refreshment room, and emerged with one-and-ninepence tightly in his pocket, in case of accidents.

And lo! it so happened that as he made for the exit gates, a burly bookie's runner rushed by, shouting, for his master's enlightenment, the numbers of the starters for the next race.

"All but 1 and 9!" he yelled. "All but 1 and 9."

Phil Phathed jumped like a shot rabbit. "Great Jumping Moses!" he almost shrieked. "These blackguards must know every coin I've got on me!"



STEEPLECHASE CHANCES.

POINTS TO CONSIDER AT A NATIONAL HUNT MEETING.

When a man who has not the time to follow form or the records of horses' achievements goes down to a steeplechase meeting he is apt to drop his money if, as he probably does, he has a modest flutter on his fancy. This is because he judges his fancy from the latter's style during the parade and canter before the race; and he hardly ever considers whether the horse can "stand up" over a stiff country or not.

A great many men enter their hunters for steeplechases, and you hear remarks made afterwards that those horses had no chance at all as "they were only fox-catchers."

If the backer had known that the horse was only a hunter it is long odds he wouldn't have backed him, for "fox-catchers" are hardly ever fast enough to win steeplechases, and, moreover, they do not take their jumps in anything approaching the style of a properly schooled steeplechase horse.

When thinking of backing your fancy over the sticks, always look up its record to see whether it is a real steeplechaser; and if it is a hunter you will be wise to think twice before putting your money on.

This is sound advice, but the element of chance is very strong in steeplechasing, and many a big race is won by the rankest of outsiders.

"I am pleased to tell you I am delighted with the Unbay Pipe. The simple and ingenious device in the boring, which gives a full and free draw, makes the pipe most pleasant to smoke—in fact the draw is effortless. I can thoroughly recommend the Unbay Pipe to all smokers."—C. B. FRY.

E. F. JAMES, the celebrated Bassoonist, says: "The pipe is a treat, it never gets clogged, and what I like about it, you can smoke the tobacco right out to the end."

BEN WEBSTER, the famous Actor, says: "I have smoked the Unbay Pipe and find it most excellent, it smokes so free and dry and doesn't harm the tongue at all."

WALTER GALLICHAN, the well-known Journalist, says: "I have the pipe in constant use, and as an old smoker who has suffered from badly drawing pipes, I have pleasure in telling you that the Unbay Pipe is a boon."

Prices in Best Briar Root **2/6, 3/6, 5/-, & 7/6.**

If your Tobacconist cannot supply you, write to:—

THE UNBAY PIPE MANUFACTURING CO.,

Commerce House, Clerkenwell Road LONDON, E.C.

RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES.

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

Whatever size your room there is a RILEY table to fit it.

RILEY'S MINIATURE TABLES are as perfect and accurate as the full size. The miniature table fits on your own Dining table from **£3 7s. 6d.**

RILEY'S Combine Billiard and Dining Tables from **£3 10s.** to **£32.**

Prices include all accessories carriage paid to nearest railway station in the United Kingdom. Cash or easy payments.

FREE on receipt of postcard full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Beech Mills, Accrington.

London Showrooms, 147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

GOOD NEWS FOR CATARRH SUFFERERS.

Mr. R. T. Booth opens the Hyomee Institute, where all sufferers from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, and other breathing troubles may obtain

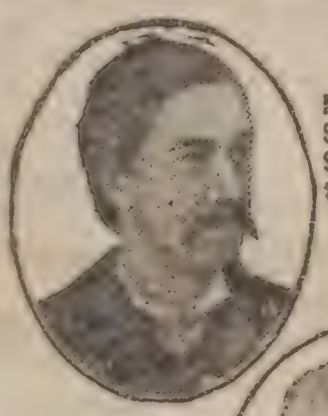
CONSULTATION AND ADVICE FREE.

Mr. R. T. Booth, who issues the following announcement, is the world-famous temperance orator, who twenty-seven years ago led the Blue Ribbon Movement. It will be remembered that that glorious work was cut short by an attack of catarrh and threatened consumption, which laid Mr. Booth low, and necessitated him leaving this country. He went to Australia, and there discovered his wonderful cure, Hyomee, the breathing cure for breathing ills. He has now returned to England, where he is organising a national campaign against all troubles of the respiratory organs, and has opened an Institute at British Museum Station Buildings, 133/136, High Holborn, W.C., where he intends to give, either personally or by correspondence,

CONSULTATION AND ADVICE FREE

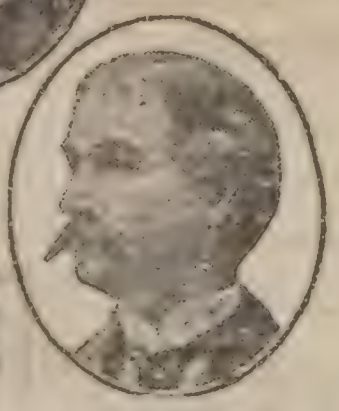
to all sufferers from such troubles as Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all breathing troubles.

At the Hyomee Institute Mr. Booth intends to realise the ambition of his later years, which is to bring about a full knowledge and use of his Hyomee. He says:



THEN.

Mr. Booth in 1882. Sent by the late Sir Andrew Clark to Australia to die.



NOW.

Mr. R. T. Booth to-day. A Hale, Hearty Man of 66, with a new great mission.

"If your nose is stopped up.
"If you have headaches.
"If you sleep with your mouth open.
"If crusts form in the nose.
"If you have head noises.
"If your throat is dry.
"If you have a short hacking cough.
"If you have much discharge from the nose.
"If your sense of smell is affected.
"If you catch cold easily.
"If your hearing is affected.
"If mucus drops in your throat.

"If, in fact, you have one or more of the above symptoms, then there is something wrong with your breathing organs, and it is now that you should get your cure, before the trouble gets worse. All sufferers of such troubles as Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Head-Cold, Hay Fever, Tonsillitis, Laryngitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Catarrhal Deafness, Influenza, Consumption, Pharyngitis, Coughs, Colds, Throat Troubles or Breathing Troubles should call on me or write to me at the Hyomee Institute."

We advise all sufferers to either call or write to Mr. Booth, whose generous offer cannot in the nature of things last for long. The time therefore is now if you are to take advantage of the free consultation and advice.

Mr. Booth says: "Give Hyomee a trial. It cures "to stay cured where other remedies have failed. "What I want sufferers from respiratory troubles to "do is either to call on me or to write me personally "telling me about their case, and to give Hyomee "a trial. I have put the price within the reach "of all and, moreover, I place such faith in my "remedy (I would not attach my name to anything un-"less I firmly believed in it) that I guarantee to return "your money if it does not benefit you."

The hours for callers at the Hyomee Institute are 10 to 8 daily, except Saturdays, 10 to 6.

The Hyomee Outfit for giving Mr. Booth's treatment contains an inhaler with supply of antiseptic gauze, a bottle of inhalant "Hyomee," and directions how to use it for all respiratory troubles, and the price of the Hyomee Outfit to place it within the reach of all is 2/6 complete. All sufferers who cannot call on Mr. Booth are advised to obtain this outfit at once. A copy of the booklet giving the account of Mr. Booth's discovery will be sent free to all who send for it; but all sufferers who cannot call are advised to lose no time, but post at once coupon below, with P.O. or stamps, for a complete Hyomee Outfit, seeing that delay in starting to cure such troubles is dangerous.

SAVE AND USE THIS.

To Mr. R. T. Booth,
The Hyomee Institute,
32, British Museum Station Buildings,
133/136, High Holborn, London, W.C.

I enclose herewith 2s. 6d. (to be refunded in full if I write you that the Hyomee Treatment has done me no good) for which you will please send me a complete Hyomee Pocket Outfit, together with full directions for the application of the Hyomee Treatment (foreign orders, 1s. extra).

Name.....
(Write very plainly, stating whether Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

.....

.....

Important Notice.

You are invited to write a separate letter to me giving me full particulars of your trouble, and I will endeavour to send you a letter of special advice and guidance of how you may get rid of same.

(Signed) R. T. BOOTH.

MODERN MAN.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

E. R. H. (Bermondsey).—Be very careful before you put your money into a country carrier's business. Of course, you must go down and "spy out the land." The carrier still exists all over the country districts, but it is hard work, and after long London experience you may find out, too late, that it doesn't suit you.

M. A. (Earlsfield, S.W.).—As a casual user of the ground and dressing-rooms you should take your own soap and towel each time you play. This is advisable on every ground.

"ARTHUR." (Eastbourne).—Seven years is not too young to take a boy out with hounds and get him entered. His pony should have been accustomed to the hunting field, and should be led by a reliable man on a cob, or even on foot with a long rein. Presumably the youngster has been taught to ride since he was six years old, the best time to commence.

A. H. T. (Merton).—Surely one of the myriad kinds of soft hat will suit you? Bowlers and silk hats are notoriously hard for the forehead.

W. P. (Hayward's Heath).—Half-a-crown will be an ample Christmas-box for the postman. Just reckon what he would get if a quarter of the houses in the district gave a similar sum!

A. F. G. (Carnarvon).—The amount of light in the atmosphere affects the magnifying power of the water through which the fish regards your fly, and is of more importance than any precise pattern, especially when fishing a loch. Small flies should, therefore, be used on bright days rather than on those that are dull.

W. M. L. (Streatham).—Next time run no risks; keep a pocket-knife and scrape out the pipe rather than knock it on the grate.

G. R. (Hanley).—Knowledge of the marks on china is by no means all, or nearly all, that is needed to become a collector of the best. On these alone you will soon come to grief—or bankruptcy.

R. G. (Taunton).—Regret we are not experts in theatrical history. The "Referee" will (if anyone can) tell you the dates and the names of the "principal boys."

F. W. D. (Peckham).—If you are interested in keeping the birds about your garden, you must feed them, and keep cats away. For the latter purpose a catapult is the ideal weapon.

H. T. (Yarmouth).—Probably because your gun-stock does not fit your shoulder. Get the makers to fit it properly by means of a "try-gun" and alter it to suit your sight and length of arm.

R. R. (Nottingham).—The record for rat-killing is that of "Tiny," who was backed to kill 200 in two hours, and actually accomplished the feat in 57m. 54s. His weight was only a little over 5lb.

E. W. C. H. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Some local coal owner will surely allow you to inspect a Geordie Lamp at his colliery if you ask him to do so.

M. E. A. (Maidstone).—Most of the mistletoe comes over from France. Not one bunch in a hundred is English.

H. O'C. (Hammersmith).—A morning-coat is preferable to a frock-coat for a wedding ceremony just now, especially in the case of a young man. Many of the elder guests still stick to frockers.

"COURSER" (Liverpool).—Generally a few nominators drop out each year; but if you have a really first-class greyhound you will find no difficulty in getting someone to nominate it for the Waterloo Cup instead of his own.

G. B. D. (Birkenhead).—You can obtain all information regarding the Colonies by writing to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, The Broadway, Westminster.

D. S. O. (Edinburgh).—Was known as the "Dirty Service Order," because all the railway staff officers got it for "truck-shunting" during the Boer War.

W. B. T. (Oxford).—Your old mackintosh will make a splendid overall for such dirty work as cleaning a bicycle, a gun, or other greasy, oily operations. That's about all it is fit for once it shows signs of splitting at the seams.

C. F. (Birkenhead), **W. L. P.** (Birmingham), **A. H.** (Ipswich), **T. H.** (Winchester), **E. C. R.** (Leeds), **K. McP.** (Carlisle), **S. E.** (Lowestoft), **F. B.** (Dublin), **J. D. R.** (Plymouth).—Many thanks.

OUR NEST.—(*Continued from page 364.*)

home. On a table in the hall were an array of cards left by enterprising tradesmen soliciting orders and custom, while the samples of milk thrust on us by rival dairy companies were sufficient for the needs of a crêche.

"Oh, do come and see the kitchen," said Ethel, with true housewifely instinct. It was complete; that is to say, its spotless beauty and gleaming array of crockery and culinary utensils was not yet marred by any domestic, for Ethel wished to get quite accustomed to the work before having a "maid." "Servant" is an unknown word in Wilton Common.

FOR THE DINNER PARTY.

"We must give a little dinner party as soon as we're settled, Jack," said she. "I've some lovely table-centres."

I ventured to suggest that while nice napery and pretty decorations undoubtedly served to enhance the general effect, as it were, people who were invited to dinner generally expected something to eat.

"Of course, you silly," said Ethel. "You just wait and see what I can do in the cooking line."

I grimly said I would.

For use in the dining-room we had bought a couple of large easy "club" chairs, whose very appearance was suggestive of rest and comfort. I could already imagine myself on a winter evening enjoying a snug smoke in front of a cosy fire, and Ethel, deep in the recesses of her chair, with the firelight playing on the tips of her patent-leather shoes.

THEIR OWN ROOM.

Turning from this we went upstairs, and, hand-in-hand, entered our bedroom. The pretty knick-knacks which make a room were, of course, not yet put out, but the delicate curtains, the soft carpet, and dainty hangings were a cosy setting for the great fumed-oak bed, with its downy pillows and rose-covered counterpane.

My pyjamas were neatly folded and placed in company with a delicate lace-embroidered case of lawn, upon which were the initials "E. C." traced in finest needlework.

"Do you like your home, Chum?" I said, slipping my arm around her. "Like it, Jack!" said Ethel. "It is too lovely for words. Could any woman be happier?"

Then I left her, to put things straight a bit downstairs, and after pottering about for an hour a sleepy little voice called out:

"Don't forget to bolt the front door before you come up, Jack!"

[*A further memoir of this series will appear next week.*—Editor.]

MAN OF MYSTERY
and FAITHFUL GUIDE.

Educated in Hindoo Philosophy and Egyptian Lore.

This Prophet, to whom the greatest secrets are revealed, offers himself **FREE.** Born in that far-off land of mystery, endowed in a peculiar way when quite a child with an insight into people's lives simply by touching something they had handled, an old Astrologer once said, "He leads where we fail to follow." **His readings from a distance are startling.** Would you wring

FORTUNE'S SECRET

of your failures from her? Well, write at once. He says himself: "I shall be in your life but once; any good I can do let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again." Send name and birth date with directed envelope in your own handwriting. If convenient, send 6d. in stamps of your country to cover postage, &c.

HASAN WADI XXX.,

111, FBG. POISSONNIÈRE, PARIS, FRANCE.

A MAN'S CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF TACT IS CALLED FOR.

One of the most bothersome questions that assail a man when Christmas appears once again in the offing is the selection of "Yule-tide Greetings," as the catalogues are wont to describe Christmas cards, for his many relatives and friends.

In the first place, it should be remembered that the cost of your cards matters little. Cheap cards, if well-chosen, are just as tasteful, and will be just as welcome as the expensive kinds.

It is not always advisable to buy what are known as "private" greeting cards. These have your name printed on them, and all bear the same design, or picture, and the same greeting. So if you have to send a greeting to all manner of people, this fact is obviously a drawback.

OVER-FOND GREETINGS.

For instance, you will very likely deem it prudent to send a card to some of the men with whom you do business. Well, it would hardly be the correct thing to send them a card bearing the same (presumably affectionate) greeting which you are sending to your best girl.

Again, if, with your mother in your mind's eye, you purchase some cards bearing a legend about "undying love," and you send one of these to the pretty wife of a jealous friend, you might find yourself in a nasty court, with an angular, bewigged person looking along his nose at you and asking you impertinent questions.

But, joking apart, it is a much better plan for a man to make out a list of his friends and relatives, go to a shop himself and choose cards with pictures and greetings suitable for each.

WRITING YOUR OWN WISH.

In fact, it is a very good plan to get cards with no greeting on them at all, and to write these on yourself, choosing your wish according to your own judgment of the intended recipient's personality.

For instance, your mother, doubtless, has a slightly religious tendency. She will be pleased with a card that emphasises the connection of the festive season with the birth of our Saviour.

Your father, on the other hand, may possibly be a lover of the pleasures of the table; and you may recollect that he has a partiality for some particular dish. Consequently a card representing a festive dinner in progress, and a facetious line from yourself reminding him not to forget to order some "so-and-so" for the Christmas dinner, will probably please your governor, who will understand that you have not forgotten his little foibles—in fact, that you are still as much one of the family as ever you were when his home was yours.

THE CARDS MEN LIKE.

The greetings on most Christmas cards are of such a "squishy," sentimental nature, that they are quite unfit for sending to a man pal. Here, especially, you ought to write your own greeting yourself.

A great many men like getting Christmas cards from their friends, and if the greetings are appropriate they will instal them on their mantelpiece with pride and will not suffer their removal for many weeks.

Regarding the appropriateness or otherwise of Christmas greetings, a good and true story is told of a notable, or rather notorious actor, who attempted to poison his landlady but was acquitted. This individual was not at all pleased next Yuletide to receive, not one, but several cards, from waggish friends, which cards represented a jovial person hospitably enquiring, "What's your Poison?"

A great tip is to choose cards with pictures on them representing a phase of the recipient's pet sport or hobby. Hunting men will appreciate pictures of hounds in full cry, and so forth; golfers will look with favour upon scenes on the links; and in the same way, pictures of almost every sport will meet with a good reception.

THOMPSON DAILEY.

LEARNING TO BOX.

VARIOUS WAYS OF MAKING A START, AND THE COST.

We must all make a start some day, and the present season of the year is the most suitable for taking up the art of self-defence, so we shall doubtless see a large number of recruits to amateur boxing during the coming winter.

At one time the cost of expert tuition was very high, for the reason that the sport was affected as a fashion by the wealthier classes, and "professors" were able to demand fancy prices. That condition of affairs is altered now, however, for the moneyed exquisite no longer dallies with the gloves, and the man of moderate means has stepped in and taken boxing up as a serious sport.

At one time instructors used to have luxuriously appointed rooms, or saloons as they called them, somewhere in the West-End, where, quietly, all sorts of things other than boxing went on too; but nowadays the boxing teacher is to be found everywhere and in quite modest surroundings.

The writer knows a man in a Western suburb of London who is not far removed from bantam-weight championship form, and who will give anybody a lesson, lasting an hour or more, for half a crown a time. When you compare this with the charges of the fashionable professor, who would require a guinea, two guineas, or even more, according to the size of his pupil's purse, for the same sort of lesson, the moderate character of the fee is evident.

Equally good teachers are to be found in most of our large towns.

Even this, however, may be beyond the limits of some men's exchequer; and, in their case, the best thing to do is to have one or two lessons from such a man so as to get a good idea, and then, remembering all they have been told, to study from a really good book. Ned Donnelly's, for instance, is to be bought cheaply, or it can be read at many public libraries.

After a time, too, a splendid plan is to join a boxing club, where an instructor is provided. Half a sovereign a year is a fair average subscription, while some can be found as low as half a crown.

GAMAGE'S BAZAAR

The World's Biggest Collection of Toys and Joys for Xmas.

NEW TOY HALL,
Coronation Tableaux,
Market Place of Bagdad,
AND
MODEL RAILWAY.

Bazaar Catalogue, containing 350 pages of Xmas Bargains, sent anywhere on receipt of 6d., which amount will be refunded on first purchase.

A.W. GAMAGE Ltd. HOLBORN. & BENETFINK & Co. Ltd. CHEAPSIDE.

OUR LEAGUE OF GOOD-FELLOWSHIP.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. The names of those enrolling now will appear in a supplementary list*

SOUTHAMPTON.

H. B. ALFIERE, 79, Cranbury Avenue; J. BUCKNELL, 21, Milner Street, Thirley; R. F. CAVE, Floating Bridge Road P.O.; R. B. P. DACOMBE, "West View," St. James' Road, Shirley; S. H. DILHAMS, 63, Shirley Park Road, Shirley; EDWARD FLARTY, 51, Amoy Street, Bedford Place; A. E. HAYSOM, 40, Manchester Street; THOMAS E. INSTONE, 140, Manor Road, Itchen; H. LANGFORD, West End P.O.; JOHN WILLIAM MACKINTOSH, 221, Priory Road, St. Denys; C. W. OLLERHEAD, H.M.T. "Reina"; WILLIAM L PAGE, 7, Mordaunt Road, The Avenue; S. A. PARKES, Abbotsford, Swathling; F. PRAGNELL, Bassett Wood; REUBEN G. RASHLEIGH, 18, Western Terrace; CHARLES REDMAN, 67, Liverpool Street, The Avenue; LEONARD ROGERS, 132, Milton Road; B. SNELGROVE, 1, Benson Road, Shirley; GEORGE WHITFIELD, 2, Hamdown Cottages, Newbury Road, Shirley; H. WINSHIP, 123, Hill Lane.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

ARTHUR COOPER, 71, Stromness Road; L. H. HINTON, "Fernlea," 152, Southchurch Road; A. R. KIRKE, 21, Cliff Avenue; CHARLES KITE, 15, Portland Avenue; ERNEST E. MEDCALF, "Clewer House," 112, Sutton Road; C. M. RILEY, 63, Warrion Square; F. B. SANDERSON, 29, Strand, Southchurch; F. J. STREETES, c/o Luker's Brewery, High Street; MAURICE TRAPLER, "Oakdene," 32, Heygate Avenue.

SOUTHPORT.

ARTHUR W. BALL, 86, Portland Street; JOHN H. BRENNAN, 10, Palmerston Road; R. BUTTERWORTH, 99, Railway Street; CECIL FRANKS, "Grove House," 1, Castle Walk; J. GREGSON, Mount Pleasant Hotel, Manchester Road; HAROLD HOUGHTON, 10, Lime Street; JOHN P. HYDE, 60, Southbank Road; J. JONES, 8, Beacham Road; WM. J. OWEN, 44, Dinorivie Road, Birkdale; A. PADDOCK, 3, Railway Street; FREDK. H. WHITE, 37, Queen's Road; H. WRIGHT, 58, Sussex Road.

SOUTHSEA.

H. A. BENHAM, 76, Goodwood Road; W. H. BLAKE, 90, Middle Street; W. GREEN, 51, Marmion Road; FRED. WM. GRIGG, 16, Heidelberg Road; W. A. HILLYER, 59, St. Augustine Road; ERNEST RICHARD HODGES, 47, Pretoria Road; D. HORTON, 112, Jubilee Road; W. T. HOSKEN, Esplanade House School, Cottage Grove; C. H. INGRAM, 7, Margate Road; HERBERT J. LOFFE, 191, St. Augustine Road, East Southsea; GEORGE PERRYMAN, 210, Albert Road; P. W. TAYLOR, 116, Albert Road; PERCY W. THOMSON, 3, Fraser Road; BERTRAM H. WHITE, 1, Montgomerie Road.

SOUTH SHIELDS.

ARTHUR COATES, 11, Sydenham Terrace; WILLIAM EWART, 10, Baring Street; W. E. HIBBERT, 111, St. Frederick Street; JAS. L. KENNEDY, 18, Taylor Street; J. F. LEGGE, 75, Eglesfield Road; WILLIAM RUTHERFORD, 14, Egglesfield Road; G. D. SHEEL, 16, King Street; J. A. SMITH, 57, George Scott Street; H. SWANN, 13, Slake Terrace, Tyne Dock.

SOUTHWICK-ON-WEAR.

F. H. P. KNIGHT, 6, Collingwood Terrace.

SOUTHWELL.

R. F. LONGMORE, Queen Street.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.

E. HOWARTH, 153, Park Crescent; C. E. MATLOCK, Rounce Bank.

SPALDING.

W. J. DEAN, Post Office Telegraphs.

SPENNYMOOR.

T. BERTRAM, Post Office, Byers Green; A. CONN, 41, Clyde Terrace; T. CONN, 41, Clyde Terrace; N. HAMER, Seaham House, Middlestone Moor; R. J. WATSON, jun., 33, High Street.

SPONDON.

W. H. COOK, care of Mrs. Wood, Chapel Street.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

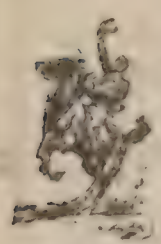
Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.
9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant	5s.		
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant	12s.		

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable)	1s. 4½d., post free
Narrow bow-ties	1s. 5½d., " "
Wide-ended silk ties	2s. 5½d., " "
Silk mufflers	4s. 11d., " "

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.



The League Badge: Actual Size.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

TUITION BY POST.

The system of improving one's education by means of postal tuition would be more extensively adopted if its advantages were better realised.

Many reasons may prevent a man from studying in the ordinary way at a technical college or a university, for he may not be in a position to give up the whole of his time to his studies. The plan of learning by correspondence, however, enables him to study whenever it is most convenient for him to do so.

Of all correspondence schools the best is undoubtedly the International Correspondence Schools, Ltd., which can be recommended with every confidence. It has thousands of students scattered throughout the world, and its one hundred and eighty courses comprise every subject upon which a man may desire to improve his knowledge.

OUR POSTCARDS.

Those readers who have not yet sent for some of our amusing and highly artistic postcards should do so to-day. They are entirely free of charge. Send a stamped addressed envelope to "Nice Place," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and we shall forward you a supply at once.

ALL BRITISH MANUFACTURE

MOLASSINE

Dog & Puppy Cakes, Hound Terrier and Puppy Foods

QUITE DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS

THE ONLY FOODS THAT DOGS NEED

Sold by all Corn Merchants, Grocers, Stores and

THE MOLASSINE CO. LTD. GREENWICH, S.E.

THEY AID DIGESTION
KEEP DOGS HEALTHY AND THEIR COATS AND SKINS IN FINE CONDITION
ERADICATE WORMS AND ALL INTERNAL PARASITES
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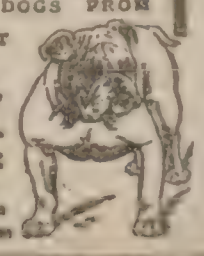

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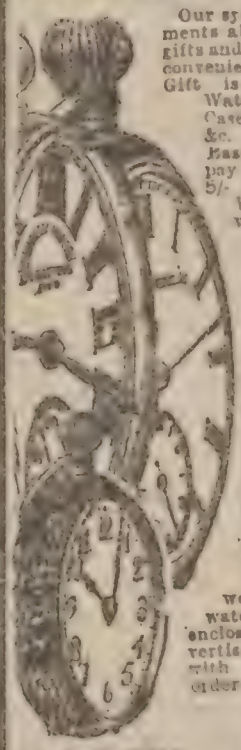

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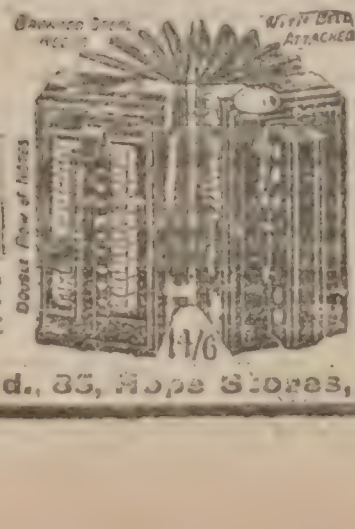

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EXCITING TIMES IN GOAL

WHEN THE CUSTODIAN'S SKILL IS TESTED.

The goalkeeper is a man whose *esprit de corps* entails a distinctly strong mind, for a sincere desire that his own side shall win means that he must not object to standing idle and getting chilled; but I really have seen a goalkeeper standing about among the muddy pools of nearly frozen water at his goal flapping his arms to keep warm, and withal wearing a happy smile to think that his own side were pressing strongly.

On the other hand, the keen goalkeeper welcomes hard work; he is a glutton for it. Consequently, although his heart is often in his mouth during certain trying situations, still he welcomes those situations despite their attendant uncomfortable risks.

WHY CORNER-KICKS SCORE.

Corner-kicks are the goalkeepers' especial bugbear. The odds in a corner-kick are, so an expert told me, well in favour of the attacking side, provided, of course, that the man who takes the kick knows his business. He drops it out about sixteen yards in front of the goalkeeper, a nippy forward is on it, and the goalkeeper is very often so hampered by his own defenders, backs and halves all crowding round him, that a hard ball will often get past him, for it comes from among a forest of legs and takes him unawares.

The referee, by the way, has to keep his eyes skinned during a *mêlée* resulting from a corner-kick; for a back will hardly ever scruple, in the crush, to usurp the privileges of the goalkeeper and give the ball a sly punch.

This, though unobserved by the referee, who cannot be expected to see everything, is usually noticed by some of the supporters of the side which has thus been defrauded of a goal, and loud are their revilings of the referee.

DEALING WITH A FORWARD.

The custodian's heart beats very fast, generally, when a speedy forward gets past the backs and has only the goalkeeper to beat. What chance has the latter in such a case, and how should he act, anyway? The greatest number of experts are of opinion that he should jump about a bit in his goal until the forward is fairly close, and then, if the latter is obviously throwing away no chances, he should jump out and tackle him; but on no account should he run out too soon, for if he does, the forward while in full way, as it were, can dodge aside and have an open goal right in front of him.

A good rule of thumb is to run out at the moment when you see the forward stop in his stride ever so slightly to shoot. It is at this moment that he sometimes hesitates and is lost.

WET DAYS AND GOALS.

Goalkeepers like bright, dry days better than any other for football, for on such days the forwards have less advantage over them than in wet weather. On a dull, overclouded, wet day, the ball is heavy, slippery, and hard to gauge correctly in its flight in the uncertain light. A spectator will often wonder at a goalkeeper being beaten by what looks from the side like a "sitter"; but all goalkeeping looks easy from the side. High dropping shots on a dull day, with two or three hefty forwards well in to you in case you fumble the ball, give the goalkeeper very ticklish moments.

The wily forward when he is opposed by a tall custodian on a wet day, when the ground is greasy, specialises in hard low shots from close quarters. The keeper has to bend down like a flash, and it is no wonder that he often loses his footing. This is why we see so many pictures of goalkeepers sprawling full length in the mud, with a sodden ball entering the net just out of their reach.

Lastly, cross shots from the wing worry most goalkeepers badly. If the winger is near the goal line when he shoots, it is difficult at first to see whether the kick is a centre or a shot at goal.

D. PHILLIPS.

FOOTBALL CRITICISMS.

TEAMS AND PLAYERS UNDER THE SEARCHLIGHT.

One of the biggest games of the season took place at Tottenham, when Newcastle managed to retain their leadership of the First League by virtue of a great win over the Hotspurs. This was only by the narrow margin of two goals to one; and the fact that all three points were scored in the first half, and that a goalless second half was fought out with dogged determination and more than usual skill on both sides, is sufficient to show what a topping game it was. The honours, of course, are with Newcastle for such a good win on their adversaries' ground, and on that form the Novocastrians will be hard to dislodge from the head of the table.

Another Southern club that was badly beaten, too, was Woolwich Arsenal, who went down before Blackburn Rovers at Blackburn by four goals to nil. This brought the Rovers to second place on the First Division scale, with the Arsenal lying twelfth.

The Second Division was chiefly notable for providing three goalless draws. These were Birmingham (home) 0 v. Bristol City 0; Huddersfield Town (home) 0 v. Clapton Orient 0; and Glossop (home) 0 v. Notts Forest 0. Glossop, by the way, at the time of writing, shares with Gainsborough Trinity the ignominious record of having won no games in the Second League competition so far. Gainsborough, however, are the worse offenders in that they have played fourteen matches to Glossop's twelve.

In the Southern League there were as many as five games in which the home team were unable to score. These were (naming the home club *second* in each case) Coventry 0 v. Exeter City 0; Northampton 4 v. Millwall 0; Swindon 2 v. West Ham United 0; Stoke 1 v. Brentford 0; and Leyton 2 v. New Brompton 0.

What do you think of that for an exhibition of weakness? The home sides in question will undoubtedly have to pull up their socks, or they may find themselves resting together in undignified companionship at the bottom of the table when the season comes to an end.

G. K.

FOOTBALL.

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BASLE, SWITZERLAND,

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ONE HUNDRED POUNDS TO ONE SHILLING,

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£1,000 will be paid to any Charity if not **GENUINE.**

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If you mention this paper, we will also send you a sample packet **FREE OF COST** of our famous Football Whiff Cigarettes.

Letters should not bear postmark later than 2 p.m. on Saturday.

Every Match to choose from in the 4 Leagues except Scottish Queen's Park.

Lotinga's Weekly, on October 14th, says:—"White, Fisher, and Co., the world's premier Football Accountants, are undoubtedly one of the most up-to-date firms of modern times."

The Editor of the *Racing Judge*, October 7th, says: "A friend tells us that one of the sights of Basle, Switzerland, is the arrival of White, Fisher & Co.'s mail every Sunday. This well-known firm of Football Accountants has been established for fifteen years, and the magnitude of their business speaks well for their methods."

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

TRAVELLING CLOTHES.

The Christmas railway journey is dependent for its comfort upon several things, not the least being the clothes you don for it.

A man's travelling-clothes—I am thinking of long journeys—should, above everything else, be easy-fitting, so that he can lounge and stretch in comfort. A jacket that is rather tight under the arms, smart as it may be, is not for travelling.

Next, the travelling togs should be old ones, to which a sprinkling of train dust and smuts will make no perceptible difference, and in which a few additional creases and wrinkles will not matter. Whether you are going to the country or the town for Christmas, you will be taking some old suit for knocking about in, and that is the one to wear in the train. A heavy overcoat and a cap or soft hat complete your get-up.

THE CHRISTMAS VISIT.

At this season of visits there will be many of my readers who are going to a place for the first time and do not know what to take with them in the way of clothes.

You have accepted an invitation to spend the holidays with a family the members of which, with one exception, are unknown to you. You endeavour to guess what degree of ceremony they keep up by judging from your friend, but he is not always a safe guide, for he may be the only careless one in an immaculate household.

The great question always is, "Will they dress for dinner?" You ask your friend, but his answer, "Oh, please yourself," may be misleading. If you have any doubt, slip your evening togs and a few starched shirts, stand-up collars, and white ties into your bag. You may not need them, but you will be safe from the awful discomfort of finding that the other men in the house are in the habit of dressing for dinner, and either that they have to change their routine because of you, or that you have to borrow a dress suit from one of them.

Another tip is to take plenty of everything. Make out a list of all the things you can possibly need, and then add on a few additional articles of each kind. Extra handkerchiefs, collars, and socks should always be taken, and also such "spares" as extra bootlaces and studs.

Make certain that your toilet outfit is complete, especially your shaving tackle.

OLD CLOTHES.

Wherever you are going, whether it be to friends or home, take some old clothes with you. The desire to do honour to your hosts by dressing yourself in the best clothes you have need not be carried to the verge of discomfort.

If you are spending the time in the country, take some comfortable old walking-boots with you, even though they may not be so smart as those you have recently bought. New clothes are all very well for evening wear and for loafing about, but old and tried ones are the only thing for comfort when it comes to hard work.

CHEAP THICK BOOTS.

A friend of mine has a pair of boots which he uses for shooting purposes and which he swears are absolutely waterproof and perfectly comfortable. They may be so; I can vouch for the fact that they are shapeless and hideous.

He bought them for six shillings in a village shop, having forgotten to bring his heavy boots with him from town, and, judging from their appearance, I should imagine they were originally intended for the understandings of a quarryman.

Be it so, he continues to wear them in preference to the

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We return your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

WRITE TO-DAY for our "Booklet MM" and our splendid range of Autumn and Winter Samples. They will be sent to you free together with copies of unsolicited testimonials from all parts of the world, Fashion Plates, Tape Measure, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor.

We guarantee perfection of Fit, Style, & Workmanship.

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3/6 buys a NEW LIFE For that old SUIT or OVERCOAT 3/6

If your suit or overcoat is wrinkled or shabby from wear, send it to us with a Postal Order for 3s. 6d.
It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, and TAILOR-PRESSED by our wonderful new process, and you will receive it within three days, looking like a brand new suit or overcoat.
Our work is not a dry-cleaning process. It is exclusively a tailoring service carried out by expert tailors.
You must see an old suit or overcoat after being treated by our unique method, the result will surprise you. We have no need to publish testimonials, although we are able to show you many hundreds.
Send us a trial order and let us convince you what we can do. Pack up your clothes, and in three days you will be glad that you have acted on our advice.
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Our speciality is our

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This garment we make in a wide range of materials, patterns of which will be sent if you cannot call. We guarantee a perfect fit, and return your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

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(Near Ludgate Circus.)

When answering Advertisements, please mention "The Modern Man."

shooting boots which he paid thirty-five shillings for.

He is one of those people who pursue the practical till it leads them into the eccentric, and I do not commend his example; but it is possible to get heavy boots much more cheaply than at the bootshops you ordinarily patronise, and they need not be either unshapely or unsightly.

Last winter I noticed in a shop-window a pair of boots which were of thick, grained leather, with wide welts, and which seemed eminently suitable for country wear. The price was ten-and-six. I went in, tried them on, found they fitted splendidly, and bought them. They are still going strong.

I did not make a note of the address of the shop, but I have since observed similar boots in several of the shops that supply working men. The difference between these boots and my friend's is that mine are what the workmen buy for "better," while his are what they buy for working in.

In case my recommendation should be misleading, let me hasten to say that I do not advocate the purchase of light boots at a cheap price—at the shop where I bought these there were exhibited rows of light-weight boots which were hopelessly bad both in leather and style—but you can pick up a cheap and good heavy pair if you are anything of a judge.

PUTTEES.

I mentioned last week the rather attractive way in which horsey men fix buttoned leggings. Here is a hint which may interest those who prefer puttees. As it is devised for practical purposes, it looks thoroughly sporting and business-like.

Instead of rolling your puttees from the ankle upwards, start rolling them just below the knee and work downwards, so that you finish them off with the tapes at the ankles.

The object of this is to prevent the tapes from coming undone with the friction of the saddle. When they are fixed at the top, the tapes are always liable to rub loose, but when they are fastened at the ankle as described, they will remain firmly in position even after a hard day's riding.

FOLDED MUFFLERS.

White knitted mufflers are much worn this season, but I do not like them.

They do not show when they have become soiled, and therefore they fail to fulfil one of the principal functions of a muffler—that of keeping your collar clean. Club and regimental mufflers will always be popular, and rightly so, but if you go in for a white one, don't have it knitted, but made of thin cashmere, about a yard long and half-a-yard wide. Fold this lengthways twice, and you will have a very convenient neck wrap.

After one day's wear, turn the muffler at the place where it was last folded. After two days' wear unfold it and use the other side. If you work it out, you will find that you can wear that muffler four days and have an absolutely clean surface showing every time.

The slight discoloration at the upper edge after you have worn it will give you some idea of how dirty a woven muffler must become with the same surface exposed to the air all the time.

DRESS TIES.

I frequently get inquiries regarding evening dress ties, but there is not very much that can be said about them.

White ones are always safe. They are the only right thing if ladies are present, black dress ties being reserved for bachelor dinners, and also for wearing with dinner jackets.

The most important thing about a dress tie is to tie it yourself. Ready-made bows never look like the real thing, and are, of course, barred by all who have any pretension to being well-dressed.

The easiest way to tie a good bow is as follows: Fix the tie round your collar, leaving the two ends of equal length. Now manipulate the ends exactly as if you were tying a stock, until you come to that stage when the two ends are pointing upwards. If you were making a stock you would now fold them down and fix them with a pin, but instead of that, slip one end through the centre knot, and then the other, and pull the loops tight. A firm and shapely bow will be the result.

These instructions may sound complex, but you will easily follow them if you try the experiment before a mirror, provided, of course, that you know how to tie a stock.

WHY trousers lose their shape in winter.

Most gentlemen who are wearing winter weight underwear will notice that trousers lose their shape much more quickly now than they do in summer.

The reason is that thick underwear clings to the trousers and prevents them from hanging loosely as they do when summer underwear is worn.

Another destroyer of trouser neatness is rain. When the legs of trousers become wet, drying gives them a puckered appearance. The only remedy is tailor-pressing.

I will clean, press, repair and re-shape three pairs of trousers for 3/9, or a complete suit or overcoat at same price.

Simply wrap up the garments and address them to me, sending a postal order for 3/9. Within three days you will have them back. If you are not perfectly satisfied, tell me, and your money will be returned at once.

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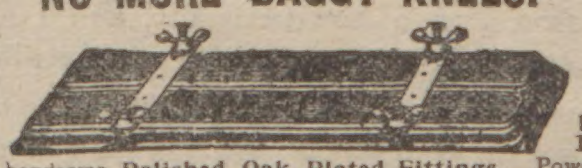

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As an inducement to you to become one of our partners, your Editor, the founder of THE MODERN MAN, most generously offers to present, free of charge, to each applicant, one of his £1 fully-paid Deferred full profit-sharing Shares with each £1 worth of Seven per Cent. 2s. Shares that may be allotted to you, *i.e.*, with every ten 2s. Shares you apply for, the founder of THE MODERN MAN will transfer to you one of his £1 fully-paid Deferred Shares.

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I request that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed on April 21st, 1911, with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name upon the register of members in respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

I make this application on the understanding that I shall receive, free of all cost, one fully paid £1 Deferred Share with each ten 2s. 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares allotted to me.

Name in full.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

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Profession or Occupation .....

Usual Signature.....

Date.....1911.

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